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COMPILED BY

H. R. PATTENGILL

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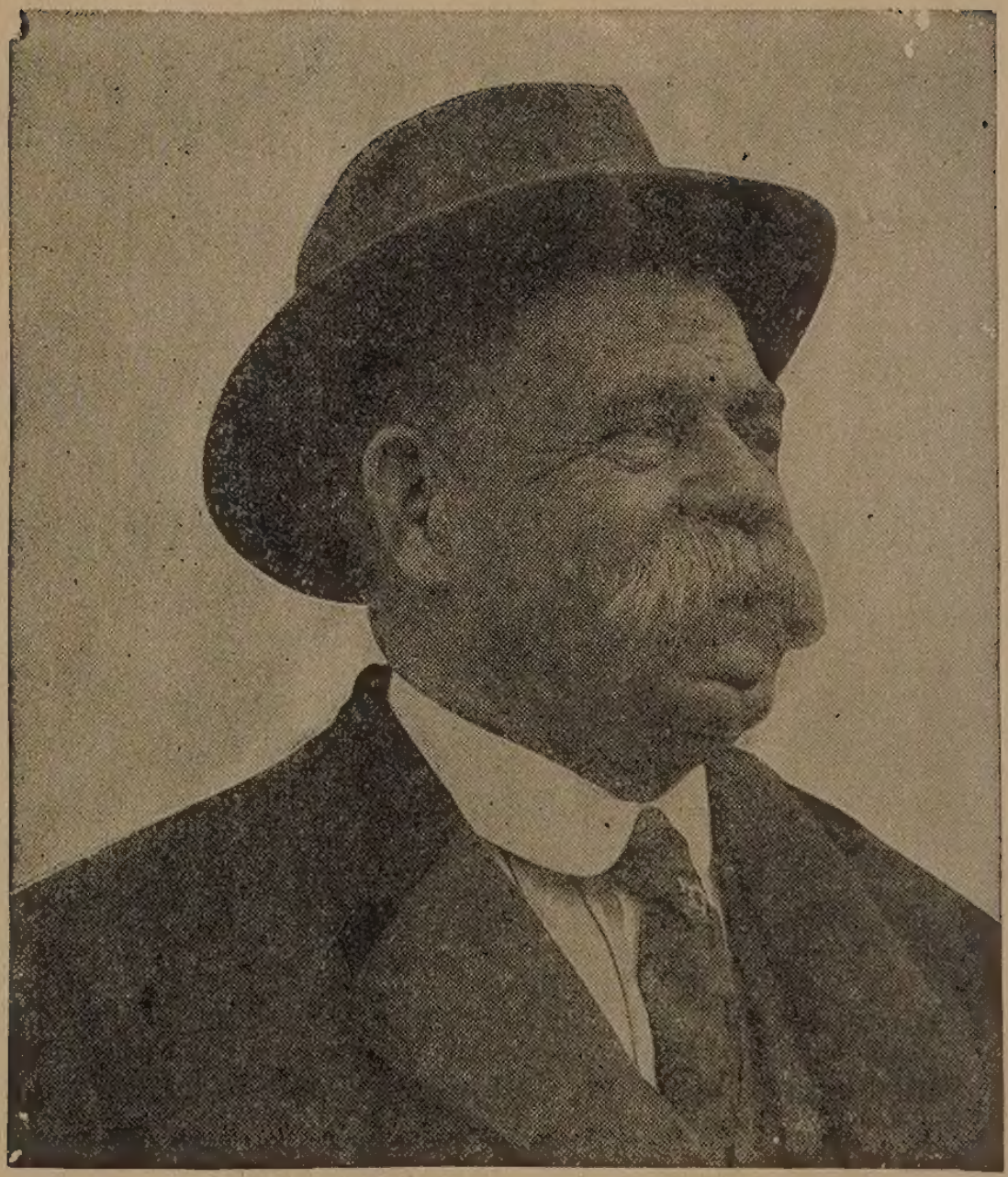

HENRY R. PATTENGILL

"Alas, for those that never sing, but die with all their music in them."

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1918

MICHIGAN SCHOOL SERVICE
PRINTERS AND BINDERS
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SONGS

FOR

MORNING EXERCISES AND SCHOOLROOM

Home, Sweet Home.

(Pat's Pick, page 13.) 4 *Sharps*

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home;
O, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.—*Cho.*

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.—*Cho.*

Scotland's Burning.

Round in four parts. (Pat's Pick, page 79.) 4 *Flats*

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning.
Look out! Look out!
Fire! fire! fire! fire!
Pour on water, pour on water.

Old Black Joe.*

(Pat's Pick, page 5.) 2 *Sharps*

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS—

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Chorus—I'm coming, I'm coming, etc.

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Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go.
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Chorus—I'm coming, I'm coming, etc.

Old Ocean.

(Pat's Pick, page 62.) 4 *Flats*

Old ocean, old ocean, forever in motion,
For years have thy waters thus murmured along.
No quiet may come to thy restless emotion.
Then swelling in grandeur, roll on, ever on.

CHORUS—
Old ocean, old ocean, in motion,
Roll ever, roll ever on;
The ages have told of thy ceaseless commotion;
Roll on in thy grandeur, roll on, ever on.

Old ocean, old ocean, what sorrows and gladness
Are mingled in pondering thy mysteries deep;
What treasures untold have been yielded in sadness
Dark billows forever their vigil will keep.—*Cho.*

Old ocean, proud ocean, forever in motion,
Upon thy dark bosom what ensigns unfurled;
Beneath thy deep heaving and ceaseless commotion,
Thou holdest the chain that is binding the world.
Cho.

Touch Not the Cup.

(Pat's Pick, page 92.) *1 Flat*

Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Many I know who have quaffed from that bowl;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Little they thought that the demon was there,
Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;
Then of that death-dealing bowl, O, beware,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, when the wine glistens bright;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Though like a ruby it shines in the light;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,
Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Hark to the warnings of thousands who've died;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow, their gloom;
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, O, drink not a drop,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear,
Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near,
Stop! for the country in trembling and fear.
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Help it On.

(Pat's Pick, page 106.) 3 *Sharps*

There's a good time coming, Help it on!
There's a good time coming, Help it on!
Every heart its tune is drumming,
All the air with it is humming,
Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!

There's a future on the way, Help it on!
There's a future on the way, Help it on!
When the night shall turn to day,
For the right shall have the way,
Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!

When you find a noble cause, Help it on!
When you find a noble cause, Help it on!
Never wait for man's applause,
Never count the cost, nor pause,
Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!

And when the right shall win, Help it on!
And when the right shall win, Help it on!
There will be no want nor sin,
And the good time shall begin,
Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!

Geology Song.

(Pat's Pick, music page 93; words page 119.) 3 *Sharps or 2 Flats*

O have you heard Geology sung?
For if you've not, 'tis on my tongue,
About the earth in air that's hung
All full of the strangest fossils.

CHORUS—Granite and limestone, chalk and marls
Big conglomerates all in snarls,
Layers of rocks, in knots and gnarls,
All full of the strangest fossils.

All through the earth some metals are found
Sometimes they come above the ground,
With rocks in blocks and balls so round,
And thousands of queer little fossils.

Springs of water, hot and cold,
Veins of copper, grains of gold,
Finest sand and richest mold,
And thousands of queer little fossils.

Our lights and fires, our victuals and drink,
All come from the earth with many a clink.
Oil, coal and salt thus make us think,
And thousands of queer little fossils.

Hideous reptiles, too, appear
With names and forms both very queer,
To tell them all would take a year.
These wonderful bouncing fossils.

Mas-to-dons, mam-moths and ich-thy-o-saurs.
Pter-o-dac-tyls and almost centaurs;
But we shall surely break our jaws (jors)
Naming these delicate fossils.

If of Geology more you'd learn,
If you with thirst for learning burn,
Keep studying *nature* at every turn,
But *don't* turn into a fossil.

May Song.

(Pat's Pick, page 89.) 1 *Sharp*

Beautiful May, with notes so gay,
Chasing from all life's cares away,
How at thy plea we'll welcome thee,
Beautiful month, the best of three.

CHORUS—||: Happy and gay sparkling away,
Ever we'll praise beautiful May.:||

Welcome to thee, so grand and free,
Making the world resound with glee;
Starting so bright from wintry blight,
Driving away the cheerless night.—*Cho.*

Happy are we thy love to see,
Gladly we take thy gifts so free,
Ever they show God's love below,
Beaming for all, for friend and foe.—*Cho.*

A Home by the Sea.

(Pat's Pick, page 74.) *4 Flats*

O, give me a home by the sea,
  Where wild waves are crested with foam,
Where shrill winds are caroling free,
  As o'er the blue waters they come;
For I'd list to the ocean's loud roar,
  And joy in the stormiest glee,
Nor ask in this wide world for more
  Than a home by the deep heaving sea.

CHORUS—Yes, a home by the deep heaving sea,
  When the winds carol free, make a home,
    Make a home there for me.

At noon when the sun from the east,
  Comes mounted in crimson and gold,
Whose hues on the billows are cast,
  Which sparkle with splendor untold.
O, then by the shore would I stray,
  And roam as the halcyon free,
From envy and care far away,
  At home by the deep heaving sea.—*Cho.*

At eve, when the moon in her pride,
  Rides queen of the soft summer night,
And gleams on the murmuring tide,
  With floods of her silvery light,
O, earth has no beauty so rare,
  No place that is dearer to me.
Then give me so free and so fair,
  A home by the deep heaving sea.—*Cho.*

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Coming By and By.

(Pat's Pick, page 56.) 1 *Sharp*

A better day is coming,
A morning promised long,
When girded right with holy Might
Will overthrow the wrong;
When God the Lord will listen
To every plaintive sigh,
And stretch His hand o'er every land,
With justice by and by.

REFR'N—Coming by and by, coming by and by,
The better day is coming,
The morning draweth nigh;
Coming by and by, coming by and by,
The welcome dawn will hasten on,
'Tis coming by and by.

The boast of haughty error
No more will fill the air,
But Age and Youth will love the Truth
And spread it everywhere.
No more from want and sorrow
Will come the hopeless cry;
And strife will cease and perfect peace
Will flourish by and by.—*Ref.*

O! for that holy dawning
We watch and wait and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away;
And when the heav'nly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all his word,
And praise him by and by.—*Ref.*

Juanita.

(Pat's Pick, page 85.) *3 Flats*

Soft o'er the fountain,
Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain,
Breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eyes splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell!

REFRAIN—Nita, Juanita!*
Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita, Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart!

When in thy dreaming,
Moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming,
Prove thy dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting,
For thine absent lover sigh?
In thy heart consenting
To a prayer gone by?

REFRAIN—Nita, Juanita!
Let me linger by thy side!
Nita, Juanita!
Be my own fair bride!

*Pronounced Wah-*ne*-ta.

Song to Our Pioneers.

(Tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Pat's Pick, music page 42; words page 124.) *2 Flats*

From the labors of today
Let us turn awhile away
To the memories of the consecrated past.
With a ringing rhythmic tone,
Let each heart call back its own
From the shadows death and time have o'er them cast.

CHORUS—On, on, on, the world is marching!
On to regions grand and vast;
But we offer up a song
As she wheels her souls along,
To the brave and valiant heroes of the past.

Where we live in ease today
They were wearing life away,
Doing battle with privation, want, and toil;
Chopping down the sturdy trees,
Leaving acres such as these,
Where the gold lies almost shining in the soil.
Cho.

Now those hands which labored best
Have been crossed in well-earned rest,
Never more to ache with weariness or wound,
Save that now and then we meet
One whose head is white with sleet
Left a hero on his former battle ground.—*Cho.*

Let us keep their memory green,
Through the days that lie between
Sad good-byes and glad good-mornings over there;
Laying by crape's mourning weeds,
Let us tell their noble deeds,
Writ on pages to their memory white and fair.
Cho.

Work While the Day Lasts.

(Pat's Pick, page 94.) 1 *Flat*

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls that perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
O, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

CHORUS—Going, going by,
While the days are going by,
Do all the good you can,
While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
O, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes—
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.—*Cho.*

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seed of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.—*Cho.*

Robin Redbreast.

(Pat's Pick, page 88.) *2 Flats*

Good-by, good-by to summer,
For the summer's nearly done,
For the summer's nearly done,
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
The thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.

CHORUS—

O Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin, Robin dear,
O Robin sings so sweetly, in the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts,
The leaves come down in hosts,
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples,
Hang russet on the bough;
'Tis autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.—*Cho.*

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle,
And moan all round the house,
The frosty ways, like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor robin go?—*Cho.*

Frogs at School.

(Pat's Pick, page 69.) 1 *Sharp*

Twenty froggies went to school, down beside a rushy pool,
Twenty little coats of green, twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they; "First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule, when we froggies go to school."

Master froggy, grave and stern, called the classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive; likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon a log, showed them how to say "Kerchog!"
Also how to dodge a blow from the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast, big frogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot; not one lesson they forgot;
Polished to a high degree, as each froggy ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs, teaching other little frogs.

Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu.

(Pat's Pick, page 88.) 1 *Sharp*

B-a-ba, B-e-be, B-i-bi, Ba-be-bi,
B-o-bo, Ba-be-bi-bo, B-u-bu, Ba-be-bi-bo-bu.

Down in the Meadows.

(Pat's Pick, page 6.) *2 Sharps*

Come down in the meadows this morning in summer,
And gather sweet blossoms abloom by the way,
And hear in the woodlands the brown partridge drummer
Beat up his brown soldiers to drill for the day.

CHORUS—
O sing in the morning a song that I love,
A song that is sweet as the lark's above.

The air is astir with a jubilant chorus,
The fields and the woodlands are bright as a smile
The sky bends so tenderly, lovingly o'er us,
With clouds o'er the hills like gray soldiers in file.
—*Cho.*

How happy the winds are above and about us,
They laugh out like children in innocent glee:
Let the world and its sorrows go onward without us
O, summer, the summer for you and for me.—*Cho.*

The Ship of State.

(Pat's Pick, page 8.) Air, "Dixie Land"
Key of C

Sail away, sail away, tho'—ye lads and lassies—
Dangers dread the good ship passes,
For the way, for the way, is the free fav'ring way.
Fling the flag aloft, Stars and Stripes adorning,
Hail your chief, and hail the morning,
Sail away, sail away, sail the safe Union way.

CHORUS—
And lend a hand—protect her, lend a hand, a hand,
All lend a hand for ship so grand, from coast to coast —and Dixie;
A hand, a hand, North, East, and West, through Dixie,
A hand, a hand, North, East, and West, through Dixie.

Luff her to, lie to, ever turn and trim her,
Shun the lights that falsely glimmer
On the way, on the way, on the rough, rolling way.
Fling the flag aloft, Stars and Stripes adorning,
Hail your chief, and hail the morning,
Sail away, sail away, sail the safe Union way.

Cho.—
The ropes, all, reef and right her, all the way, the way,
For fear the way, some dim gray day to wrecking rocks betiding;
The way, the way, to wrecking rocks betiding,
The way, the way, to wrecking rocks betiding.

Then ye lads and lassies, though right jolly,
Scan the sky and cheer no folly,
Lest the way, lest the way, be a wrong ruling way.
Fling the flag aloft, Stars and Stripes adorning,
Hail your chief, and hail the morning,
Sail away, sail away, sail the safe Union way.

Cho.—
For master man seek duly, for man, for man,
Who staunch will stand on sea or land, thro' wind and wave unruly:
Hurrah! our land! from Maine to "Pascagoula;"
Hurrah, hooray! our land—we'll serve it truly.

Break of Day.

(Pat's Pick, page 81.) *3 Sharps*

Early in the morning just at break of day,
Hear the merry robin sing his matin lay;
Hopping lightly, singing sweetly,
Ever singing sweetly at the break of day.

Early in the morning from the hillside fair,
Merry bells are ringing on the fragrant air,
Merry bells are ringing clearly,
Merry bells are ringing on the fragrant air.

Early in the morning just at break of day,
To the dewy meadows let us haste away;
Tripping lightly, laughing gaily,
To the dewy meadows let us haste away.

The School Bell.*

(Pat's Pick, page 58.) *Key of C*

Hark! the school bell now is ringing,
Half past eight, 'tis time to go;
Happy boys and girls are singing,
Marching on all in a row;
Soon the hour will come for study,
Let us strive our work to do,
Learn the lesson that's assigned us,
And obey our teacher too.

CHORUS—Hark! the bell, sweet bell, chiming bell,
Calling us away to school,
Do not play by the way,
'Tis against the teacher's rule.

Hark! the school bell now is ringing,
Hurry, for the clock is slow,
Leave your romping, skipping, swinging,
'Tis no time for play, you know.
Keep your faces bright and airy,
Learn to love what you must do;
Playing makes us gay and happy,
Study brings us pleasure too.—*Cho.*

Hark! the school bell now is ringing,
Freely we will heed the sound,
Willing mind and courage bringing,
Helps us in the daily round;
Morn and noon 'tis ringing, ringing,
Ever like a glad refrain;
Soon 'twill ring for other children,
Never ring for us again.—*Cho.*

*By a slight change in the chorus this may be made into six verses and sung to the tune "Shall We Gather at the River?" The chorus may be omitted, and the second half of each verse be sung as the chorus.

Questions and Answers.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(Pat's Pick, page 47.) 1 *Flat*

Where, O where are the visions of morning,
Where, O where are the visions of morning,
Where, O where are the visions of morning,
Fresh as the dews of our prime?

Gone like tenants that quit without warning,
Gone like tenants that quit without warning,
Gone like tenants that quit without warning,
Down the back entry of time.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
Loving and lovely of yore?
Look in the columns of old *Advertisers,*
Married and dead by the score.

Die away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
Hopes like young eagles at play,
Vows of unheard of and endless devotion,
How ye have faded away!

Yet though the ebbing of Time's mighty river
Leave our young blossoms to die,
Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
Till the last pebble is dry.

The Mowers' Song.

(Pat's Pick, page 74.) 1 *Sharp*

When early morning's ruddy light
Bids man to labor go,
We haste with scythes all sharp and bright
The meadow grass to mow.

CHORUS—
We mowers, dal de ral day,
We cut the lilies and—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey,
We cut the lilies and hay.

The cheerful lark sings sweet and clear,
The blackbird chirps away,
And all is lively, sprightly here,
Like merry, merry May.

Cho.
We mowers, dal de ral day,
We roll the swaths of green—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey,
We roll the swaths of green hay.

The maidens come in gladsome train,
And skip along their way,
Rejoiced to tread the grassy plain
And toss the new-mown hay.

Cho.
The mowers, dal de ral day,
They rake the lilies and—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey,
They rake the lilies and hay.

Make Hay While the Sun Shines.

(Pat's Pick, page 16.) 3 *Flats*

There is an old maxim I wish you would read,
And when you have read it its counsel would heed:
"Make hay while the sun shines" I know it is old.
And yet it is worth a whole bag full of gold.

CHORUS—

Yes! work while the sun shines, and never delay
What ought to be done on a fine summer's day;
For if you put off till tomorrow's begun,
The day will be wet or your work go undone.

Make hay in life's sunshine by doing good deeds
To those round about you with many great needs.
And the good deeds you do in the sunshine of life,
Will strengthen your heart in the heat of the strife.

Make hay in life's sunshine while clouds are unknown,
For if you are idle the chance may be gone;
Make hay while the summer gives sunshiny hours,
And gather it in ere the coming of showers.

The Class Tree.

(Tune, "America." Pat's Pick, music page 51; words page 125.)

1 *Flat*

Grow thou and flourish well,
Ever the story tell
Of this glad day;
Long may thy branches raise,
To heaven our grateful praise;
Waft them on sunlight rays,
To God, away.

Deep in the earth today,
Safely thy roots we lay,
Tree of our love;
Grow thou and flourish long;
Ever our grateful song
Shall its glad notes prolong
To God above

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,"
On this glad day;
Bless Thou this student band
O'er all our happy land;
Teach them Thy love's command,
Great God, we pray.

The Rainy Day.*

(Pat's Pick, page 71.) *2 Sharps*

The rain is falling very fast,
We can't go out to play;
But we are happy while in school,
Though 'tis a rainy day.

CHORUS—Then clap, clap, clap together,
Clap, clap away,
The school may be a happy place
Upon a rainy day.

For while the rain comes pattering down,
We merrily sing our song;
To faces bright and spirits light,
Thus quickly speed along.—*Cho.*

We listen all attentively
To what our teachers say,
But when our lessons all are o'er,
Then 'tis the time to play.—*Cho.*

With smiling faces, at our posts,
So orderly we stand,
Then quickly turn, and now sit down,
When teacher gives command.—*Cho.*

*This can be sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" by adding the syllable "sir" to the second and fourth lines.

Vacation's Coming

(Air, "Kingdom Coming." Pat's Pick, music page 22; words page 129.) *Key of C*

Say, Schoolmates, have you seen Vacation?
For I think she's somewhere near;
She is standing outside with an invitation,
O! I'm glad enough she's here.
Of course we all like school in season,
And the hardest lessons, too!
But I'd like to know if it stands to reason,
We should work the whole year through?

CHORUS—Vacation calls, ha! ha!
O! welcome her with glee;
Hurrah! hurrah! for vacation's coming,
And the week of jubilee!

Say, Teachers, have you seen Vacation,
With a smile upon her face!
She has come to bring you recreation;
She is lingering round the place
Of course you love the young idea
To be teaching how to shoot;
But a look you wear when she draws near,
Says that's th' idea to suit.—*Cho.*

Say, Parents, have you seen Vacation?
She will visit soon the home;
We've the happiest homes in all creation,
They'll be happier when she's come.
Of course we're glad to give you pleasure,
But our lessons now are done;
And we hope you'll give us fullest measure
Of vacation's sport and fun.—*Cho.*

Kind Words Can Never Die.

(Pat's Pick, page 86.) 3 *Flats*

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Lodged in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go thro' all years and climes,
The heart to cheer.

CHORUS—Kind words can never die,
Never die, never die,
Kind words can never die,
No, never die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly,
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.

CHORUS—Sweet thoughts, etc.

Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day,
With Christ above.

CHORUS—Our souls, etc.

Vacation Song.

(Tune, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." music page 29; words page 128.) Pat's Pick, *2 Flats*

Vacation time is coming now,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll raise our hats and make a bow,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Oh, what a happy time of year!
We'll give a rousing, hearty cheer,
And we'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here,
And we'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here.

We love our books and studies, too,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We strive with joy each task to do,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But they would never seem so dear,
If school days lasted all the year;
And we'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here,
And we'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here.

We love our teachers, kind and good,
Hurrah! hurrah!
They've worked to help us all they could,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But for vacation time, you know;
Their seeds of wisdom could not grow;
So we'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here,
So we'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here.

To school and books we bid adieu,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And, teacher, here's a bow to you,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We're glad vacation comes along,
For work and play will make us strong,
And we'll shout for joy when school begins again,
And we'll shout for joy when school begins again.

School Festival Song.

((Pat's Pick, page 25.) 4 *Sharps*

Come away, come away, let us make holiday, make holiday,
One and all from far and near;
Let us play, let us sing, let us make forest ring, make forest ring
With our song and laugh and cheer,
Your gayest hearts and voices bring,
Feasts come but once a year.

CHORUS—Then we'll play, then we'll sing, then we'll make forest ring, make forest ring,
With our song and laugh and cheer.

Work and play, work and play, we will try to unite, try to unite,
And to each we'll give its share;
So today, if in play, we should spend all our might, spend all our might,
And in school work's all our care;
Play's honest use will make work light,
And work makes play all fair.—*Cho.*

God Be With You.

(Pat's Pick, page 54.)

5 *Flats*

God be with you till we meet again!
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS—Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.—*Cho.*

God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his loving arms around you,
God be with you till we meet again.—*Cho.*

God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.—*Cho.*

Old Kentucky Home.*

(Pat's Pick, page 12.) 1 *Sharp*

The sun shines bright in the Old Kentucky Home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n'by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my Old Kentucky Home, good night!

CHORUS—

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home,
For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my Old Kentucky Home, good night!

Chorus—Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my Old Kentucky Home, good night!

Chorus—Weep no more, my lady, etc.

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Hand Exercise Song.

(Pat's Pick, page 59.) *1 Flat*

Roll your hands, roll your hands,
As slowly, as slowly, as slow can be;
‖:Then fold your arms like me,‖: like me.

Clap your hands, clap your hands,
As softly, as softly, as soft can be;
‖:Then clap your hands like me,‖: like me.

Clap your hands, clap your hands,
As loudly, as loudly, as loud can be;
‖:Then clap your hands like me,‖: like me.

Keep time with me, keep time with me,
As softly, as softly, as soft can be;
‖:Then keep time like me,‖: like me.

Keep time with me, keep time with me,
As loudly, as loudly, as loud can be;
‖:Then keep time like me,‖: like me.

Go to sleep, go to sleep,
As lazily, as lazily, as lazy can be;
‖:Then bow your heads like me,‖: like me.

All wake up, all wake up,
As lively, as lively, as lively can be;
‖:Then fold your arms like me,‖: like me.

NOTE.—In the fourth verse both hands are closed and time kept without a sound.

In fifth verse same motion with sound.

In sixth verse all bow head to desk and keep it there until a signal by the teacher, when all heads come up and seventh verse is sung.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

(Pat's Pick, page 78.) 3 *Flats*

|:O, where! and O, where! is your Highland laddie gone?:||
He's gone to fight the foe for King George upon the throne;
And it's O! in my heart how I wish him safe at home!

||:O, where! and O, where! does your Highland laddie dwell?:||
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell,
And it's O! in my heart that I love my laddie well!

||:What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?:||
His bonnet's Saxon green, and his waistcoat of the plaid;
And it's O! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

||:Suppose, and suppose, that your highland lad should die?:||
The bagpipes shall play over him, I'd lay me down and cry;
And it's O! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Why Don't Parents Visit the School.

(Pat's Pick, page 52.) 1 *Flat*

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Parents don't visit the school?

They visit the drill to see murderous sabers,
They visit the circus, they visit their neighbors,
They visit the flocks, and the servant who labors,
Now why don't they visit the school?

They care for their horses, they care for their dollars,
They care for their lodges, they fancy fine collars,
But little we think do they care for their scholars,
Because they don't visit the school.

We know we from hunger and cold are protected,
In knowledge and virtue our minds are directed,
But still we do think we are sadly neglected,
Because they don't visit the school.

Now if they will come, they'll find all in their places,
With nicely combed hair, with clean hands and clean faces,
All pleasant and happy, with naught that disgraces,
Then why don't they visit the school?

Student's Lay.

(Pat's Pick, page 91.) 1 *Flat*

We think it is the rule, sir,
To hate to be a fool, sir,
And so we come to school, sir
To drive dull care away.

CHORUS—To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away,
It's a way we have at school, sir,
It's a way we have at school, sir,
It's a way we have at school, sir,
To drive dull care away.

There's many a man so sad, sir,
Because his heart is bad, sir,
He never can be glad, sir,
To drive dull care away.—*Cho.*

There was a man in France, sir,
Who only knew how to dance, sir,
And that gave little chance, sir,
To drive dull care away.—*Cho.*

There was a lazy Turk, sir,
Who all his tasks would shirk, sir,
He had no honest work, sir,
To drive dull care away.—*Cho.*

But we propose to know, sir,
And to the school we go, sir,
To grow from head to toe, sir,
And drive dull care away.—*Cho.*

Dare to Do Right.

(Pat's Pick, page 15.) *4 Sharps*

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

CHORUS—Dare, dare, dare to do right!
Dare, dare, dare to be true!
Dare to do right, dare to be true!

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you:
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero and battle till death.—*Cho.*

Lightly Row.

(Pat's Pick, page 73.) *1 Flat*

Lightly row! Lightly row!
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide!
On the silent tide.
Let the winds and waters be
Mingled with our melody;
Sing and float! Sing and float!
In our little boat.

Far away! Far away!
Echo in the rock at play
Calleth not, calleth not
To this lonely spot.

Only with the sea-bird's note
Shall our dying music float!
Lightly row! Lightly row!
Echo's voice is low.

Lightly row! Lightly row!
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide!
On the silent tide.
Let the wind and waters be
Mingled with our melody;
Sing and float! Sing and float!
In our little boat.

Shall We Gather?

(Pat's Pick, page 65.) *3 Flats*

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angels' feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Ere we reach the silver river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—*Cho.*

My Bonnie.

(Pat's Pick, page 32.) *Key of C*

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean,
O bring back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS—Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.—*Cho.*

O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And blow, ye winds, over the sea,
O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.—*Cho.*

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.—*Cho.*

This World Is What We Make It.*

(Pat's Pick, page 17.) *2 Sharps*

The world is full of gladness,
The world is full of song;
The mists may rise above us,
They will not tarry long.

*This may be sung to the old tune, "Webb," "The Morning Light is Breaking." Pat's Pick, page 103. *2 Flats.*

CHORUS—This world is what we make it,
Then let us all be glad;
There's beauty all around us,
Why, then, should we be sad?

Though clouds may gather o'er us,
And troubles fall like rain,
The sun will shine above us,
And all be bright again.—*Cho.*

We'll cheer the heavy-hearted,
And raise the fallen one;
We'll labor for the master,
Till all our work is done.—*Cho.*

Nutting Time.

(Pat's Pick, page 67.) *2 Sharps*

See the nuts are falling down,
Falling 'mong the leaflets brown,
Dropping, dropping one by one,
In the golden autumn sun;
Falling, dropping here and there,
Making merry everywhere;
Boys and maidens, large and small,
Run to catch them as they fall.

CHORUS—Falling, falling all around,
Dropping, dropping to the ground,
Gathering, gathering, hear the chime,
'Tis the merry, merry nutting time.

Down they're coming, hear the sound,
Lighting with a slight rebound,

'Mong the leaves they may not hide,
Quickly, quickly they're espied,
Now they're coming down in showers
On the withered leaves and flowers.
Something kindly shakes the trees,
Hark! it is the merry breeze.—*Cho.*

Down among the rustling leaves,
Like the busy, busy bees,
Bustling, fumbling, o'er and o'er,
All are gath'ring in their store.
Of the golden autumn days,
Smiling through the mellow haze,
None so gay, O, list the chime,
As the merry, merry nutting time.—*Cho.*

Old Folks at Home.

(Pat's Pick, page 83.) *2 Sharps*

Way down upon de Suanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,
'Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS—All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam,
O, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many were de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.—*Cho.*

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming,
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear the banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?—*Cho.*

There's a Sweet Land of Rest.

(Pat's Pick, page 30.) *4 Flats*

There's a sweet land of rest
Where the songs of the blest
Ever float on the balmy air;
If to Jesus we yield,
And our pardon is sealed
We shall join in that song up there.

REFRAIN—Hallelujah we sing to the Lord our King,
Hallelujah! the song we'll share;
Hallelujah again, with a loud Amen!
For the rest that remains up there!

In the bright land of song
Stand the pure, happy throng
  Near the throne, in their robes so fair;
If we follow the Lord
In the way of His Word,
  We shall wear a white robe up there.—*Ref.*

There are crowns to be given
To the ransomed in heaven,
  Only victors the crown may wear,
If we battle with sin,
And the vict'ry we win,
  We shall wear a bright crown up there.—*Ref.*

In Life's Morning.

(Tune, "Clementine," omitting Chorus. Pat's Pick, page 23.)
1 *Sharp*

In the morning, early morning,
  We are learning day by day,
Blessed Father, lead thy children
  Onward in the better way.

In the morning, in the morning,
  We must find some work to do;
Always helpful, always cheerful,
  Make us willing, kind and true.

In the morning we would ever
  Think of what is pure and good,
In the morning, all dependent,
  We will trust thee for our food.

In the morning, in the morning,
Should the days be dark or fair,
Truest love our lives adorning,
We are happy anywhere.

Motion Song—Our Flag.

(Tune, "There is a Happy Land." Pat's Pick, page 37.)
4 *Sharps*

[A boy stands in front of the school holding a large flag which he waves at (2) in time to music.]

Flag[1] of our country brave, red[2], white and blue,
We[2] love to watch thee wave, our[2] love is true,
Oh, let us loudly sing! loud let our praises ring,
Praise[3] to this noble thing, red[2], white and blue.

Red is[4] the blood that rolls, blue[5] is the sky,
White are[6] the heroes' souls, for[1] thee that die.
O, let us proudly sing! loud let our praises ring,
Praise[1] that this holy thing still waves[2] on high.

Broad is[7] our native land, land of the free,
'Mong all the nations grand, foremost[1] to be.
Oh, let[8] us bow and sing thanks unto God, our King
Thanks[9] for this holy thing, Father[10] to Thee!

1. Right hand points at flag.
2. Right hand waves three times over head.
3. Both hands clasped.
4. Look down and sing softly.
5. Right hand points upward.
6. Both hands crossed over breast.
7. Both hands spread to utmost extent.
8. Both hands clasped, head bowed.
9. Both hands pointed toward flag.
10. Both hands clasped, sing softly with face upward.

Your Mission.*

(President Lincoln's Favorite Song. Pat's Pick, page 95.)
1 *Flat*

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
‖:As they launch their boats away:‖

If you are too weak to journey,
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by,
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
‖:They will not forget the song:‖

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
‖:Sitting at the Savior's feet:‖

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*May be sung to the tune, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing." Key of E.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
‖:You can cover up the dead:‖

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
‖:You can find it everywhere:‖

Yield Not to Temptation.

(Pat's Pick, page 87.) *2 Flats*

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS—Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain,
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.—*Cho.*

To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer, tho' often cast down;
He who is our Savior, our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.—*Cho.*

Opening Song for School.

(Tune, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Pat's Pick, page 31.) 1 *Flat*

Here we gather every morning,
In this place to us so dear;
To the fount of knowledge coming,
We will gladly hasten here.
Happy schoolroom, happy schoolroom,
Here we meet with friends so true;
Here we walk in wisdom's footsteps,
Daily learning something new.

But our school-days now are fleeting,
Like the by-gone days of yore;
Soon these happy words of greeting
Will be sung by us no more;
We'll remember, we'll remember,
Those with whom we often meet;
And we hope again to see them,
In a home of love complete.

There we hope to stand with loved ones,
On that bright, celestial shore;
There to sing sweet songs of worship,
And be parted nevermore;

Happy home, our home in heaven,
In that city bright and fair;
There we'll join the heavenly chorus,
With our loved ones over there.

Spring Lessons.

(Tune, "Juanita." Pat's Pick, page 85; words page 125.)
3 Flats

Soft o'er the mountain,
Comes once more the glad refrain,
Wake stream and fountain,
Spring is here again.
All the buds are swelling,
Hear the bees low, drowsy hum,
List to wild birds telling
Gentle spring has come.
Springtime, lovely springtime,
Thou art clothed in beauty rare,
Springtime, lovely springtime,
Thou are fresh and fair

Now from their dreaming
Flow'rs awake in beauty new,
And sunshine beaming
Steals away the dew.
Now the ring-dove's cooing,
All the robins sing and sing,
And the thrush's wooing
Makes the wild woods ring.
Springtime, lovely springtime,
Notes of rapture greet our ear
Springtime, lovely springtime,
Welcome, welcome here.

The Land of the Lakes.

(Tune, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Pat's Pick, music page 70; words page 126.) 3 *Sharps*

O land of the lake-circled border,
O land of the whispering pine,
We view thy attractions in order,
What wealth and what beauties are thine!
Where lake clasps with lake to enfold thee,
What a picture of beauty it makes,
How our hearts thrill with joy to behold thee,
Three cheers for the land of the lakes!

Three cheers for the land of the lakes!
Three cheers for the land of the lakes!
How our hearts thrill with joy to behold thee,
Three cheers for the land of the lakes!

O peninsula, of beauty the rarest!
We look and behold it in thee.
O Michigan, dearest and fairest,
What people more favored than we,
With Superior's rock pictures, olden,
And the isle that of magic partakes,
And thy broad fields of grain waving golden,
O beautiful land of the lakes!

O beautiful land of the lakes!
O beautiful land of the lakes!
With thy broad fields of grain waving golden,
O beautiful land of the lakes!

Thy children will love thee forever,
Thy sons and thy daughters are true,
We love every forest and river,
Each lake that reflects heaven's blue,

From thy far rocky shores of great treasure,
Where Superior impatiently breaks,
To thy forests and fields without measure,
We love thee, O land of the lakes!

We love thee, O land of the lakes!
We love thee, O land of the lakes!
With thy forests and fields without measure,
We love thee, O land of the lakes!

Auld Lang Syne.

(Pat's Pick, page 63.) 1 *Sharp*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa' ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wondered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.—*Cho.*

We twa' ha'e sported i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.—*Cho.*

And here's a hand my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.—*Cho.*

The Christmas Tree.

(Tune, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Pat's Pick, music page 29; words page 126.) *2 Flats*

We've planted a beautiful Christmas tree,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Its branches are strong as strong can be,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But won't they bend with the fruitage fair,
That good St. Nicholas makes them bear,
And we'll all be glad that we planted the Christmas tree.

We'll serve St. Nichalos all we can,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And he shall be our nursery man,
Hurrah! hurrah!
There's lovely fruit in summer and fall,
But the Christmas crop is the best of all,
And we'll all be glad that we planted the Christmas tree.

There's Music Everywhere.

(Pat's Pick, page 1.) *4 Flats*

There's music in the air
When the infant morn is nigh,
And faint its blush is seen
On the bright and laughing sky.

Chorus—Many a harp's ecstatic sound,
With its thrill of joy profound,
While we list enchanted there,
To the music in the air.

There's music in the air
When the noontide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light
On the distant mountain stream

Cho.—When beneath some grateful shade,
Sorrows aching head is laid,
Sweetly to the spirit there,
Comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air
When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,
As its pensive beauties die.

Cho.—Then, O! then, the loved ones gone
Wake the pure, celestial song,
Angel voices greet us there
In the music in the air.

Whistle and Hoe.

(Pat's Pick, page 66.) *2 Sharps*

There's a boy just over the garden fence,
Who is whistling a tune all the livelong day,
And his work is not a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.

CHORUS—Whistle and hoe, sing as you go,
Shorten the row by the songs you know;
Whistle and hoe, sing as you go,
Shorten the row by the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear,
He has scarcely the time for a growl, I know,
For his whistle is sounding bright and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row.—*Cho.*

O, but then while you whistle be sure you hoe,
Yes, for if you are idle the briers will spread;
And whistle alone to the end of the row,
May do for the weeds, but is bad for bread.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer.

(Pat's Pick, page 14.) 1 *Flat*

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way.
Hope points before and shows the light tomorrow;
Let us forget the darkness of today.
Farewell, our school days, much as we may love thee:
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell our school days, farewell for evermore.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing:
Floating us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
Thousands shall follow in the track we're going,
For the star of empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil and little to reward us,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And grand, boundless meadows all ripe with golden grain.

Singing and Praising Forever.

(Pat's Pick, page 55.) 3 *Sharps*

Through the new Jerusalem,
Lined with fairest flowers,
Flows a pure and crystal stream,
Wat'ring the heavenly bowers.
On its banks we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransomed band,
Singing and praising forever.

CHORUS—Singing and praising forever,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransomed band,
Singing and praising forever.

There are saints in robes of white
Who have gone before us;
With the angels they unite,
Swelling the heavenly chorus.
And with them we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river;
There to join the ransomed band,
Singing and praising forever.—*Cho.*

They who long the cross have borne
Cast their crowns before him;
Martyrs with their harps of gold,
Singing with joy, adore Him.
Soon along the verdant banks,
Close by the beautiful river,
We shall hail our Savior King,
Singing and praising forever.—*Cho.*

Silver Lining.*

(Pat's Pick, page 7.) 1 *Sharp*

There's never a day so sunny,
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy,
But has had its time of tears,
‖:Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears:‖

There's never a cup so pleasant,
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged,
But it bears not print of feet,
‖:And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet:‖

There's never a sun that rises,
But we know 'twill set at night;
The beautiful tints of morning
And the eve are just as bright,
‖:And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light:‖

Geography Song.

(Air, "King of the Cannibal Islands." Pat's Pick, page 93.)
2 *Flats*

O! have you heard Geography sung?
For if you've not it's on my tongue;
About the earth in air that's hung,
All covered with green little islands.

*Can be sung to the tune, "Annie Laurie," Pat's Pick, page 101. Key of C, by repeating the fourth line of each verse.

CHORUS—Oceans, gulfs, and bays and seas;
Channels, and straits, sounds, if you please:
Great archipelagoes, too, and all these
Are covered with green little islands.

All over the earth are water and land,
Beneath the ships or where we stand,
And far beyond the ocean strand
Are thousands of green little islands.

Cho.—Continents and capes there are,
Isthmus and peninsula,
Mountains and valleys, and shore stretching far;
And thousands of green little islands.

All over the globe some circles are found;
From east to west they stretch around,
Some go from north to southern bound,
Right over the green little islands.

Cho.—Great equator, tropics, too,
Latitude lines, longitude, too,
Polar circles, and all go thro'
The thousands of green little islands.

Oh! don't you think 'tis pleasant to know
About the sea and land just so?
And how the lines, the circles go,
Right over the green little islands.

Cho.—Now you hear how we can sing:
This is, today, all we can bring;
Come again soon and then hear sung
The names of the green little islands.

Never Say Fail.

(Air, "Vive L'Armour." Pat's Pick, page 80.) *2 Flats*

Keep working, 'tis wiser than sitting aside;
Never, O, never say fail!
And dreaming and sighing and waiting the tide,
Never, O, never say fail!
In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward and never say fail!
Never say fail! never say fail!
Never, O, never say fail!

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's fair pride,
Never, O, never say fail!
Let this be your motto, your footsteps to guide,
Never, O, never say fail!
In storm and in sunshine whatever assail,
Push onward and conquer and never say fail!
Never say fail! never say fail!
Never, O, never say fail!

Arbor Day Song.

(Air, "My Bonnie." Pat's Pick, music page 32; words page 131.)
Key of C

The breezes of spring wave the tree-tops,
The flowers so sweet bloom again,
O, joyfully birds sing of springtime,
While flying o'er mountain and glen.

CHORUS—Sing here, sing there,
Sing of the springtime today, today,
Sing here, sing there,
Sing of the springtime today

O, glorious country of freedom!
Our lives we will make pure and sweet;
Thou givest to us this bright springtime
With hearts full of love we now greet.—*Cho.*

Then shout for the oak in the Northland,
And answer, O South, with the palm;
And we who inherit this Union
Sing gaily our Nation's great psalm.—*Cho.*

Joy Bells.

(Pat's Pick, page 64.) *Key of C*

Joy-bells ringing, children singing,
Fill the air with music sweet;
Jocund measure, guileless pleasure,
Make the chain of song complete.

CHORUS—
Joy-bells, joy-bells! Never, never cease your ringing.
Children, children! Never, never cease your singing.
List, list! the song that swells, Joy-bells! Joy-bells!

Joy-bells ringing, children singing,
Hark! their voices loud and clear;
Breaking o'er us like a chorus
From a purer, happier sphere.—*Cho.*

Earth seems brighter, hearts grow lighter,
As the jocund melody
Charms our sadness into gladness,
Pealing, pealing joyfully.—*Cho.*

Coming, Yes, We're Coming.

(Pat's Pick, page 77.) 4 *Sharps*

How sweet the call of mercy,
Inviting every heart
To come and love the Savior
Ere youthful days depart.
'Tis in the Holy Bible,
These precious words we see:
Forbid ye not the children,
But let them come to me.

CHORUS—Coming, yes, we're coming,
Coming, yes, we're coming,
Coming, yes, we're coming,
Dear Savior, to thy fold.

O, may his spirit teach us
To know and do the right;
To walk as he commands us,
That we may see the light—
The blessed light that shineth
Along the narrow way,
And always groweth brighter
Unto the perfect day.—*Ref.*

Our Savior loves the children,
On them His hands He laid;
Within His arms He held them,
And blessed them while He prayed,
And still His mercy calls them—
Just now we hear Him say:
I want your hearts dear children,
I want your love today.—*Ref.*

Some Folks.

(Pat's Pick, page 53.)

1. *Flat*

Some folks like to sigh,
Some folks do, some folks do.
Some folks long to die,
But that's not I nor you.

CHORUS—Long live the merry, merry heart,
That laughs by night or day,
Like the queen of mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

Some folks fear to smile,
Some folks do, some folks do,
Others laugh through guile,
But that's not I nor you.—*Cho.*

Some folks fret and scold,
Some folks do, some folks do,
They'll soon be dead and cold,
But that's not I nor you.—*Cho.*

Some folks get gray hairs,
Some folks do, some folks do,
Brooding o'er their cares,
But that's not I nor you.—*Cho.*

Some folks toil and save,
Some folks do, some folks do,
To buy themselves a grave,
But that's not I nor you.—*Cho.*

Vacation Song.

(Air, "Nellie Bly." Pat's Pick, page 68.) *Key of C*

Now again, sound the strain,
Raise the merry song;
For, dancing o'er the sunny plain,
Vacation comes along.
Toil is sweet, and study, dear,
But don't you surely know,
That if they lasted all the year,
We never could think so.

CHORUS—‖:Come scholars! come teachers!
Join the merry glee;
Vacation time is coming now,
The gayest time for me!:‖

Oh! 'tis best thus to rest,
Working now no more,
And we shall come with newer zest,
When holidays are o'er.
Bright are learning's pleasant ways,
But don't you surely know,
That if we trod them all our days,
We never could think so.—*Cho.*

Toil is sweet and study dear,
But don't you surely know,
But for vacation's hours of glee,
We never could think so.
When 'tis o'er, here once more,
Glad we'll hasten back;
We'll study harder than before,
For zeal we will not lack.—*Cho.*

Temperance Song.

(Air, "Marching Song." Pat's Pick, music page 45; words page 119.) 3 *Sharps or* 4 *Flats*

O! I'm a happy blue-bird, sober as you see,
For pure cold water is the drink for me,
I take a drop here and another drop there,
And make the woods ring with my temperance air.

CHORUS—O! don't defy it, better, better try it,
Water, pure water, from the spring below,
Better, better try it, better, better try it.
Try it sir, try it sir, do.

There's little Bobby Linkum, sitting on a tree,
He's singing a temperance song as you see,
'Tis Bobolink, take a drink, take a drink today,
And Mr. Bobolink, not a cent to pay.—*Cho.*

As down among the lilies every day I go,
To take my bath in the lake below,
If I chance to meet a drunkard, all so pale and thin,
I say, sir, how d'ye do, and sir, pray walk in.—*Cho.*

Come, rise up with the songsters, early in the morn.
See the thirsty grass and the waving corn,
How their emerald faces brighten in the dazzling sun,
While catching the dew-drops one by one.—*Cho.*

All up above the mountains, all below, the sea,
Will with my temperance song agree,
That for man in his toil, or the bird upon her nest,
Cold water, cold water is the purest and best.—*Cho.*

O Come, Come Away.

(Pat's Pick, page 80.) *2 Sharps*

O come, come away, from labor now reposing,
Let busy care awhile forbear, O come, come away.
Come, come, our social joys renew,
And thus where trust and friendship grew,
Let true hearts welcome you, O come, come away.

From toils and the cares on which the day is closing
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve; O come, come away;
O come where love will smile on thee,
And round the heart will gladness be,
And time fly merrily, O come, come away.

While sweet Philomel, the weary traveler cheering,
With evening song, her notes prolong, O come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
Of Hope, Joy. Liberty; O come, come away.

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silv'ry light illume the night, O come, come away.
We'll join in grateful songs of praise,
To Him who crowns our peaceful days
With health, hope, happiness, O come, come away.

Gathering Home.

(Pat's Pick, page 46.) *2 Sharps*

Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one;
Pilgrims are joining the heavenly band,
Gathering one by one.
Their brows are enclosed in golden crowns;
Their travel-stained robes are all laid down;
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

REFRAIN—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

Loved ones have gone to that distant shore,
Gathering one by one;
Others are going forevermore,
Gathering one by one.
Our sisters so gentle, our brothers so brave,
The beautiful children o'er the wave,
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.—*Ref.*

We, too, shall come to the riverside,
Gathering one by one;
Nearer its waters each eventide,
Gathering one by one;
O, Jesus, our fainting strength uphold,
The waves of that river are dark and cold;
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.—*Ref.*

The Little Busy Bee.

(Air, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Pat's Pick, music page 42; words page 126.) *2 Flats*

O, the little busy bee, in the garden you may see,
Gathering honey thro' the golden summer hours,
He is cheery and he's gay, and intent he works away,
Storing treasures from the sweetly blooming flow'rs.

CHORUS—

Working, working in the sunbeams,
Gathering honey all the day,
O, the little busy bee is the type for you and me,
For the winter he provides in sunny May.

When the lark springs from the corn, in the early summer morn,
And ascends on wings of gladness to the sky,
O, the little busy bee, to his labor goeth he,
You may hear his merry song as he goes by.—*Cho.*

In the sultry glare of noon still he sings his merry tune,
As he ranges through the depths of some bright dell,
If you try to shut him in you will hear a pretty din,
And may chance to get an angry blow as well.—*Cho.*

Work for the Night is Coming.

(Pat's Pick, page 78.) *1 Flat*

Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;

Work when the day grows brighter,
  Work in the glowing sun;
Work for the night is coming,
  When man's work is done.

Work for the night is coming,
  Work through the sunny noon,
Fill brightest hours with labor,
  Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
  Something to keep in store,
Work for the night is coming,
  When man works no more.

Work for the night is coming,
  Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
  Work for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
  Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
  When man's work is o'er.

Work.

(Pat's Pick, page 76.) 3 *Flats*

Work while in youthful prime,
  Work while the heart is gay.
Work for the harvest time,
  Work while you may.

When fields in spring are moist with rain,
The busy farmers sow the grain;
And we in youth will cast the seed
For later days of need.—*D. C.*

Fresh dews and sunshine bless the field,
Their crop the crumbling furrows yield;
So wisdom grows thro' smiles and tears,
As onward pass the years.—*D. C.*

In autumn, corn the farmers reap,
And high with sheaves the wain they heap;
So life, when ripening years are past,
Its harvest reaps at last.—*D. C.*

With songs the farmers guide the wain,
With song and cheer they store the grain;
Be ours, with joy, what'er betide,
Life's harvest home to bide.—*Cho.*

Before Recess.

(Tune, "Co-ca-che-lunk." Pat's Pick. music page 20; words page 131.) 3 *Flats*

When the school was just beginning,
We were fresh and bright and gay;
And we all went in for winning,
Though we studied the livelong day.

CHORUS—Ching-er-y, ri-ko, ri-ko, day,
E-kel, te-kel, happy man,
Ku-an-o-desk-o-kanty-o,
Gal-lop-y, wal-lop-y China go.

Marching up the hill of science,
We renew each day our strength,
And we climb with cheery defiance,
Till we pass all rocks at length.—*Cho.*

And 'tis well, in climbing mountains,
When the table-lands are won,
There to rest by murmuring fountains,
Ere we travel our journey on.—*Cho.*

First our toil and then our pleasure,
That's the scholar's golden rule;
Hours of work, then seasons of leisure,
Make the happiest time at school.—*Cho.*

Come, Classmates.

(Air, "Benny Havens O," or "Wearing the Green." page 24.) Pat's Pick, 4 *Sharps*

Come, classmates, let our hearts be glad,
Loud let our voices ring,
In an anthem let our joys be clad,
As a greeting gay we sing.
A few more years of school-day life,
And then we all must part,
To mingle in the busy strife,
That crowds the wide world's mart,
That crowds the wide world's mart,
That crowds the wide world's mart,
To mingle in the busy strife,
That crowds the wide world's mart.

We go to taste the joys of life,
Like bubbles on its tide,
Now glittering in the sunshine,
Now dancing in its pride.
But bubble-like they break and burst
And leave us sad, you know,
There's naught so sweet as memory of
The days of long ago,
O, the days of long ago,
O, the days of long ago,
There's naught so sweet as memory of
The days of long ago.

To schoolmates dear, we then must bid
A last, a fond good-by.
But deeply in our hearts is hid
Affection's golden tie;
Our friendship strong will form a bond
That will bind us evermore,
A bond that makes us truly one
In the happy days of yore,
In the happy days of yore,
In the happy days of yore,
A bond that makes us truly one,
In the happy days of yore.

Beulah Land.

(Pat's Pick, page 82.) 1 *Sharp*

I've reached the land of corn and wine
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS—

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore.

The Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flowers that never fading grow,
Where streams of life forever flow.

The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heavens melody;
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

Only an Armor Bearer.*

(Pat's Pick, page 48.) *2 Flats*

Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching if "onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my captain, serving faithfully.

Hear ye the battle-cry! "Forward" the call!
See! see the faltering ones! backward they fall.
‖:Surely the captain may depend on me.
Though but an armor-bearer I may be.:‖

Only an armor bearer now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear;
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

Jewels.*

(Pat's Pick, page 49.) *4 Sharps*

When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

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CHORUS—

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones
His loved and his own.

Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

Sweet By and By.*

(Pat's Pick, page 84.) 1 *Sharp*

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS—‖:In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore:‖

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.—*Cho.*

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To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.—*Cho.*

Morning Hymn.

(Tune, "Home, Sweet Home." Pat's Pick, music page 13; words page 124.) 4 *Sharps*

Dear Jesus, Our Savior,[1]
We know Thou art near;
Our humble petition
Art ready to hear;
We beg Thy tender mercy[2]
To guide us thro' the day;
Oh, keep us all from sinning,[3]
In all we do and say.

CHORUS—Hear, hear, hear our prayer;[4]
Oh, turn not away from us[5]
Thy loving care.

And when with school and lessons
We are forever done;
When life, with all its trials,
In earnest has begun;
Oh! teach our feet to walk, Lord,[6]
In thine appointed ways;
Oh! teach our hearts to love Thee;[7]
Our tongues to speak thy praise.[8]—*Cho.*

1. Look up.
2. Look up and lift hands imploringly.
3. Clasp uplifted hands.
4. Same as 2.
5. Same as 3.
6. Point toward feet; look up.
7. Hands on hearts.
8. Finger tips on lips.

Here's Where Scholars Do Their Best.

(Tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. Pat's Pick, music page 42; words page 121.) *2 Flats*

In the schoolroom here we sit,
Hour by hour, and day by day;
Can you tell me, schoolmates, why we hither come?
Why not glad, and free and gay,
Spend the time in sport and play,
On the street, or in each happy, happy home?

CHORUS—Come, O come, and we will tell you;
Here's where scholars do their best:
If you only do the same,
You'll be very glad you came,
And O, by and by we'll have our fun and rest.

In the schoolroom here you come,
Teachers, as the weeks go by,
Would you never like to stay at home awhile?
As the sunny seasons fly,
For their pleasure do you sigh?
How can we, your loving scholars, make you smile?
—*Cho.*

In the schoolroom now we see
Friendly faces, strange and new,
We will sing you welcome, kindly, one and all.
We will gladly show to you,
Everything that we can do,
As we sound once more our cheery, happy call.—*Cho.*

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

My Uncle Sam.

(Tune, "Old Uncle Ned." Pat's Pick, page 33.) 1 *Flat*

There was a young man and his name was Uncle Sam,
And he lived round here long ago,
And his brave deeds it is singing I am,
For he did them for me, you know.

CHORUS—

Then tell all the glory of his name,
Sing all the glory of his fame,
You'll find no man like my Uncle Sam,
Tho' you search the world for the same.

There was an old man and his name was George the King,
He send his fleet o'er the sea;
But Uncle Sam bravely told him this thing,
He would pay no tax on tea.—*Cho.*

They had a big fight, and the battle it was long,
But Uncle Sam won the day;
And George the King, tho' his army was strong,
Uncle Sam drove them all away.—*Cho.*

And now Uncle Sam, a century grown,
Bids all the world come and see
How Freedom's flag in its beauty is thrown
O'er his broad land of liberty.—*Cho.*

Song of a Thousand Years.*

(Pat's Pick, page 4.) *Key of C*

Lift up your eyes desponding freemen,
Fling to the wind your needless fears,
He who unfurled your beauteous banner
Says it shall wave a thousand years!

CHORUS—A thousand years, my own Columbia!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold,
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds one little moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears,
When the bright sun that tints them crimson
Rises to shine a thousand years!

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
Tell the oppressed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years!

Envious foes beyond the ocean,
Little we heed your threatening sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years.

Rebels at home, go hide your faces—
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
You could not blind the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years.

Back to our dens, ye secret traitors,
Down to your own degraded spheres,
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years.

Haste thee along, thou glorious noonday;
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
Oh, for the faith of him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years!

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Just Before the Battle, Mother.*

(Pat's Pick, page 18.) *2 Flats*

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow;
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS—
Farewell, mother, you may never, you may never,
Mother, clasp me to your heart again;
But, O, you'll not forget me, mother, you will not forget me,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

O, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know.
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.—*Cho.*

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now may God protect us, mother,
As he ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air,
O, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

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Our Banner.

(Air, "Hot Time in Old Town Tonight." Pat's Pick, page 2.)
1 *Sharp*

Doff your hats, and raise your voices, for the flag is passing by,
Flaunting fold on fold of crimson, white, and azure of the sky;
Throb anew ye hearts of freemen, free forever and for aye,
Watch the breezes e'en of heaven with your trusted ensign play:
Doff your hats, for the flag is passing by,
Shout aloud, let your voices reach the sky,
Yea, when the blare of bands proclaims your colors nigh
There'll be hip, hip, and hip, hip, hurrah!
Three cheers then.

CHORUS—
When you list to the bugles' stirring sound,
And your feet with a tip-toe touch the ground in keeping time to strains
That will make your pulses bound, there'll be
Your banner proudly floating on high.

'Tis the flag pulled down by traitor and that led to vict'ry, too,
'Tis a joy and glory ever, claiming honor old or new;
It has wrapped the fallen soldier in his distant lonely grave,
It has helped the fainting hero into action bold and brave;
Torn by shell, thin tatters onward call:
Held aloft by tireless hands that fall
Not till the conflict won, each peak of mountain tall
Shall clamor, hip, hip,—echo hip, hip, hurrah!
Three cheers then.

Cho.—When you list to the bugles' stirring sound, etc.

No dishonor ever stained it, and no power shall ever dare
Cast a shadow on its ripples, nor pull down the pennant fair:

Foreign soil has felt its impress, right hath planted it to stay,
Lordly rulers of the empires never more shall scorn its sway:
Strike your tents, march forward to your place,
None can backward crowd you in the race
With nations bound to feel 'twere best with smiling grace
To join in hip, hip,—loud hip, hip hurrah!
Three cheers then.

Cho.—When you list to the bugles' stirring sound, etc.

—Minnie Frances Brown.

Glory Hallelujah.

(Air, "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Pat's Pick, music page 90; words page 120.) *2 Flats*

‖:John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave:‖
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS—‖:Glory! Glory Hallelujah:‖
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on.—*Cho.*

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.—*Cho.*

They will hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree,
As they go marching on.—*Cho.*

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union,
As we go marching on.
Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

Star Spangled Banner.

(Pat's Pick, page 72.) *2 Flats*

Written by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
O, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of fight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
And conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Marching Through Georgia.*

(Pat's Pick, page 44.) *2 Flats*

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS—
"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes us free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground!
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Cho.*

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Cho.*

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with a host,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Cho.*

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Cho.*

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Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.*

(Pat's Pick, page 10.) 3 *Sharps*

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And the friends we love so dear.

CHORUS—
Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-by!"—*Cho.*

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others have been wounded long.—*Cho.*

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Cho.—Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace,
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp ground.

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When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*

(Pat's Pick, page 29.) *2 Flats*

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!

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Their choicest pleasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*

(Pat's Pick, page 42.) *2 Flats*

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
O, cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When the fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory, o'er and o'er.—*Cho.*

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So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eyes grow bright
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing friends and home once more.
—*Cho.*

On, On, On, the Boys Came Marching.*

(Sequel to "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Pat's Pick, music page 42; words page 124.) *2 Flats*

O! the day it came at last,
When the glorious tramp was heard,
And the boys came marching fifty thousand strong
And we grasped each other's hand,
Though we uttered not a word,
As the booming of our cannon rolled along.

CHORUS—

On, on, on, the boys came marching,
Like a grand, majestic sea,
And they dashed away the guard from the heavy iron door,
And we stood beneath the starry banner, free.

O, the feeblest heart grew strong,
And the most despondent sure,
When we heard the thrilling sounds we loved so well,
For we knew that want and woe
We no longer should endure,
When the hosts of freedom reached our prison cell.
—*Cho.*

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O! the war is over now,
And we're safe at home again,
And the cause we starved and suffered for is won:
But we never can forget,
'Mid our woe and 'mid our pain,
How the glorious union boys came marching on.
Cho.—Yes, yes, yes, the boys came marching, etc.

America.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

(Pat's Pick, page 51.) 1 *Flat*

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!

My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song!

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

The Battle Cry of Freedom.*

(Pat's Pick, page 40.) *4 Flats*

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS—
The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the stars,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

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And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Cho.*

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Cho.*

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Cho.*

Kingdom Coming.*

(Pat's Pick, page 22.)

Say, darkies, hab you seen old massa,
Wid the muffstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin'
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke, way up de ribber,
Where the Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat an' lef berry sudden
An' I spec he's run away!

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CHORUS—

De massa run! ha! ha!
De darky stay! ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
And de year of Jubilo!

He six foot one way, four foot tudder,
An' he weigh tree hundred pound;
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much they call him cap'n,
An' he get so dreffel tanned
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband.—*Cho.*

De darkies feel so lonesome libbing
In de log house on the lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine and cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkies dey'll hab some;
I suppose dey'll all be cornfiscated,
When the Linkum sojers come.—*Cho.*

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de hancuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better
Dan to went an' run awav.—*Cho.*

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Written by JULIA WARD HOWE in 1861 while on visit to camps near Washington.

(Pat's Pick, page 90.) *2 Flats*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.—*Cho.*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—*Cho.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—*Cho.*

Red, White, and Blue.

THOMAS RECKOT, 1779.

(Pat's Pick, page 70.) 3 *Sharps*

O! Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm,
With the garlands of vict'ry around her;
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,

With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
The flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The Union, the Union forever,
Our glorious Nation's sweet hymn,
May the wreaths it has won never wither,
Nor the star of its glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Michigan, My Michigan.

By Mrs. Jane W. Brent.

(Air, "Lauriger Horatius." Pat's Pick, page 28.)

1 *Sharp*

Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan.

From Saginaw's tall whispering pines,
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines
Michigan, my Michigan.

Thou gav'st thy sons without a sigh, Michigan, &c.,
And sent thy bravest forth to die, Michigan, &c.
Beneath a hostile southern sky
They bore thy banner proud and high,
Ready to fight, but *never* fly, Michigan, &c.

From Yorktown on to Richmond's wall, Michigan, &c.,
They bravely fight, as bravely fall, Michigan, &c.
To Williamsburg we point with pride—
Our Fifth and Seventh, side by side,
There stemmed and stayed the battle's tide, Michigan, &c.

*When worn with watching traitor foes, Michigan, &c.,
The welcome night brought sweet repose, Michigan, &c.,
The soldier, weary from the fight,
Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebels' might,
For "Michigan's on guard to-night!" Michigan, &c.

Afar on Shiloh's fatal plain, Michigan, &c.,
Again behold thy heroes slain, Michigan, &c.,
Their strong arms crumble in the dust,
And their bright swords have gathered rust,
Their memory is our sacred trust, Michigan, &c.

*The Genl. Phil Kearney Stanza.

And often in the coming years, Michigan, &c.,
Some widowed mother'll dry her tears, Michigan, &c.,
And turning with a thrill of pride,
Say to the children at her side,
"At Antietam your father died,
For Michigan, *our* Michigan.

*With General Grant's victorious name, Michigan, &c.
Thy sons still onward march to fame, Michigan, &c.
And foremost in the fight we see,
Where'er the bravest dare to be,
The sabers of thy cavalry, Michigan, &c.

Dark rolled the Rappahannock's flood, Michigan, &c.,
The tide was crimsoned with thy blood, Michigan, &c.,
Although for us the day was lost,
Still it shall be our proudest boast,
At Fredericksburg our Seventh crossed, Michigan, &c.

And when the happy time shall come, Michigan, &c.,
That brings thy war-worn heroes home, Michigan, &c.,
What welcome from their own proud shore,
What honors at their feet we'll pour,
What tears for those who'll come no more, Michigan, &c.

A grateful country claims them now, Michigan, &c.,
And deathless laurel binds each brow, Michigan, &c.,
And history the tale will tell
Of how they fought and how they fell,
For that dear land they loved so well, Michigan, etc.

NOTE.—The foregoing is a true copy of the original poem, as printed in the *Union Vidette* in 1863, during the siege of Knoxville.

*General Custer's favorite stanza.

Mount Vernon Bells.

(Air, "Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground." Pat's Pick, page 11.)
2 Sharps

Where Potomac's stream is flowing,
Virginia's border through;
Where the white-sailed ships are going,
Sailing to the ocean blue;
Hushed the sound of mirth and singing—
Silent every one:—
While the solemn bells are ringing
By the tomb of Washington.

CHORUS—Tolling and knelling,
With a sad sweet sound,
O'er the waves the tones are swelling,
By Mount Vernon's sacred ground.

Long ago the warrior slumbered—
Our country's father slept;
Long among the angels numbered—
They the hero soul have kept.
But the children's children love him
And his name revere;
So, where willows wave above him,
Sweetly, still, his knell you hear.—*Cho.*

Sail, O ships, across the billows,
And bear the story far,
How he sleeps beneath the willows,—
"First in peace and first in war."
Tell, while sweet adieus are swelling,
Till you come again,
He within the hearts is dwelling
Of his loving countrymen.—*Cho.*

I'm Going Back to Our Old Homestead.

(Air, Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny.) 4 *Flats*
Words by Mrs. Dora Stockman.

I'm going back to our old homestead,
Back where the clover and the corn and roses grow;
There where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
Back on the homestead that I left so long ago.
There's where I labored from dawn to the sunset,
Day after day in the fields of wheat and corn;
The skies are so blue and the sunsets so golden,
Back on the homestead in the place where I was born.

CHORUS—
I'm going back to our old homestead,
Back where the clover and the corn and roses grow;
There where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
Back on the homestead that I left so long ago.

I'm going back to our old homestead,
Back to the neighbors and old friends I used to know;
I'm tired of the streets and the din of the city,
I long for the silence and the hush of sunset's glow;
Where I can see once again all the children,
Hear their glad shouts as they play there as of yore;
They're out in the world in its strife and its conflict,
Only in dreams they gather round that cottage door.

CHORUS—

I'm going back to our old homestead,
There in my Autumn let me dream of sunny May,
Then take me up to the lot on the hillside,
There where the pine trees chant their songs of Endless Day.
I'm going back once again to the homestead;
Parents and children from each distant shore
Gather where roses and vines are a-twining,
Sweet with the mem'ries clust'ring round that cottage door.

CHORUS—

Our Flag.

(Air, "Hold the Fort." Pat's Pick, page 43.) *2 Sharps*

Oh, the flag of our own country,
Let it wave on high;
May the stars and stripes ne'er perish
And no foe come nigh.

CHORUS—Floating o'er the heads of freemen,
May it wave above:
O'er the homes we prize so dearly,
And the land we love.

Once it waved in time of bloodshed,
O'er the battle-plain;
Now above a land united,
Free from slavery's stain.

May we ever love its colors,
Red and white and blue,
May we one and all prove faithful,
Faithful, kind and true.

Michigan's Semi-Centennial Song.*

(Air, "Dearest Mae," or "Last Cigar." Pat's Pick, page 21.) *3 Sharps*

To thee I sing, my own dear home,
In the land of the setting sun,
To thy hills and valleys, rivers and lakes.
Thy beauties every one.
Thou art dear to the hearts of thy loyal sons,
And thy daughters fond and true,
Who greet thee today with pride and joy,
And the glorious past review.

*By a slight change of words this may be adapted to other states.

CHORUS—

Then give three cheers for the boundless shores,
That the broad lake breezes fan,
Thou art dear to the hearts of thy loyal sons
Beautiful Michigan.

Each hallowed spot of thy lake bound shores,
Each teeming city of thine,
Each village, hamlet, hillside, dale.
Thy forests of oak and pine.
Thy northern shores that are fondly kissed,
By Superior's sparkling wave,
Where thou yieldest rich ores from thy loving heart
Are dear to thy children brave.—*Cho.*

On the lakes and rivers winding through
Thy forests deep and dark,
Where swiftly glided in days gone by,
The savage warrior's bark,
Are smiling meadows, fertile fields,
Tilled by thy children free,
Who offer this day with thankful hearts
Their loyal homage to thee.—*Cho.*

Then blessings on thee, Michigan,
We wave thy banners gay,
And wish thee many glad returns,
Of this thy natal day;
We'll govern thee in coming years,
By laws both true and just,
And progress shall our watchword be
In God our hope and trust.—*Cho.*

SONGS

FOR

EXHIBITIONS, SPECIAL DAYS, CALISTHENICS, ETC.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

(Air, "America." Pat's Pick, music page 51; words page 127.)
1 *Flat*

O Thou, whose eye of love
Looks on us from above,
  Low at Thy throne
We come to Thee and pray
That gleaning day by day,
Our grateful hearts alway
  Thy hand may own.

Thine are the waving fields,
Thine hand the harvest yields,
  And unto Thee,
To whom for rain and dew,
" And skies of sunny blue,
Our love and praise are due,
  We bend the knee.

And when beneath the trees,
In fairer fields than these
  Our glad feet roam,
There where the bright harps ring,
May we our gleanings bring,
And in Thy presence sing
  Our harvest home.

Mary Had a Little Lamb.*

(Pat's Pick, page 36.) 1 *Sharp*

Mary had a little lamb,
Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
Mary went, Mary went,
Everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

CHORUS—

‖ :Bleating of the lamb, ba-a-a-ah, ba-a-a-ah,
O, ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness,
Get out the wilderness, get out the wilderness,
Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness,
Leaning on the lamb.

It followed her to school one day,
School one day, school one day,
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play,
Laugh and play, laugh and play,
Made the children laugh and play,
To see the lamb in school.

Bow-ow-ow and a ki-i-i, sitting on a sofi-i-i,
How is that for hi-i-i, what said the blonde?
Whoop-ty doogin, doogin doo; doogin doo, doogin doo!
Whoop-ty doogin, doogin doo; whoop-ty doogin doo!

*This may be sung to the tune, "Battle Cry of Freedom."

King of the Cannibal Islands.

(Air, "Geography Song." Pat's Pick, music page 93; words page 121.) 3 *Sharps or 2 Flats*

Oh, have you heard the story of late,
And if you've not it's in my pate,
About a mighty potentate,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.

CHORUS—Ho-kee-po-kee, win-kee wung,
Pol-ly ma-koo ko-mo-ling kung,
Han-ga-ree wan-ga-ree ching-i-ring ching,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.

He dined on clergymen cold and raw,
He slaughtered them all without license or law.
He never took less at a meal than four,
This king of the Cannibal Islands.—*Cho.*

Woman pudding and baby sauce,
Little boy pie for a second course,
He swallowed them all without any remorse,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.—*Cho.*

But the worst of my story remains to be told,
It did not agree with his earthly mould,
He died of eating his clergymen cold,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.—*Cho.*

The last words of this monarch bold
Were not bequeathing his lands or gold,
But warning all against clergymen cold,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.—*Cho.*

Fair Song.

(Sung by the Ithaca School at Gratiot County Fair of 1877. Air, "Co-ca-che-lunk." Pat's Pick, page 20.) 3 *Flats*

When the golden-hued October
Tells us we have time to spare,
We'll just yoke up Buck and Brindle
And whoa-haw-gee to the Fair.

CHORUS—Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay,
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
Hi! O chick-a-che-lunk-che-lay.

We will take our squash and chickens,
And our bed-quilts, and our pig,
And O, how they'll say "the dickens!"
When they see us dance a jig.—*Cho.*

We will hook to Jane "Mariar,"
And we'll look so awful sweet,
As we listen to the "liar,"
Tell of things that can't be beat.—*Cho.*

We will try to steal the melons,
And will get an awful thump,
And we hope that he'll have felons,
That will make the thumper jump.—*Cho.*

Then of course we'll view the butter,
In we'll stick our dirty thumb,
With our mouth crammed full of candy,
And our jaws stuck up with gum.—*Cho.*

We will poke the ribs of yearlings,
  Listen to the bleat of calves,
Tumble over mamma's darlings,
  And get squeezed up into halves.—*Cho.*

When at last the fair is over,
  We will "gobble" all we can,
Then go home to live in clover,
  Like some jolly Granger-man.—*Cho.*

Our Greeting.

(Pat's Pick, page 35.) *3 Flat*

Dear friends, we're glad to meet you
  Within these walls tonight,
With songs of joy we greet you,
  Our hearts are happy and light.

CHORUS—
We come, we come, we come kind friends to greet you.
Our hearts are free and happy are we,
  Yes, happy are we to greet you.

'Tis truly good and pleasant,
  As thus we pass along,
To meet the friends now present,
  And sing our greeting song.—*Cho.*

Thus may our pathway brighten,
  As thro' the world we stray,
And flowers be strewn to lighten
  Each sad and gloomy way.—*Cho.*

Lauriger Horatius.

(Pat's Pick, music page 28; words page 122.) 1 *Sharp*

Lauriger Horatius, Quam dixisti, verum,
Fugit Euro citius, Tempus edax rerum.

CHORUS—Ubisunt, O, pocula, Dulciora melle
Rixæ, paxet oscula; Rubentis puellæ.

Crescit uva molliter, Et puella crescit;
Sed poeta turpiter, Sitiens canescit.—*Cho.*

Quid juvat æternitas, Nominis amare,
Nisi terræ filias, Licet et potare.—*Cho.*

Good Night.*

(Pat's Pick, page 73.) *Key of C*

Good night, ladies! Good night, ladies!
Good night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

CHORUS—Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along o'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies! We're going to leave you now.—*Cho.*

Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
—*Cho.*

*By changing the word "ladies" to "teacher" this may be made a closing song for schools.

Gratiot Teachers' Song.

(Air, "Wearing of the Green." Pat's Pick, music page 24; words page 120.) 4 *Sharps*

We've come here, Gratiot teachers,*
Our ferules laid away,
To tell the progress we have made,
And hear what others say;
We hope to get the dust rubbed off,
And some old ruts filled up,
‖:To feast our minds on teachers' lore,
And quaff from learning's cup:‖

If we are "hide-bound pedants,"
Let's loosen up the hide,
Cast overboard our follies,
And throw off all false pride,
As now old friends you visit,
The stranger don't forget!
‖:And make this time a pleasant one
To all who here have met:‖

And as we journey onward
In our pedagogic ways,
May all our toil be lightened
By these happy, useful days,
And on the last day of our school
May we look back with joy,
‖:At having done our very best
For every girl and boy:‖

*By a little change, the rhythm may be made to suit any county, as "We've come, Clare County Teachers," or Roscommon.

The Meadows.

MOTION SONG.

(Air, "Yankee Doodle." Pat's Pick, page 61.) 3 *Sharps*

[1]Now, play this is a field of grass,
All in the sunshine growing;
We feel the merry breezes pass,
Across the meadows blowing.

CHORUS—Don't you hear the birdies sing?
High above us on the wing!
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

[2]How softly in among the blades
The little rills are flowing;
[3]While underneath the willow shades
The cattle stand a-lowing.—[4]*Cho.*

[5]Look! here are flowers, bright as gold,
Eight, sixteen, eighteen, twenty,
[6]Just see how full our hands we hold,
And yet we left a plenty.—*Cho.*

[7]And now we children, just for fun.
Will take the flowers' places,
All looking up to see the sun,
That's smiling in our faces.—*Cho.*

[8]But then our teacher wants to know
What she will do for scholars.
[9]She says she couldn't spare them so,
Not for a thousand dollars!

CHORUS—[10]Ha! ha! ha! We laugh and sing,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.
Give your little bell a ring,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

[11]So here you have your children all,
The little lads and lasses!
For we are glad to hear you call—
While out among the grasses.
([12]*Last Chorus hummed softly.*)

MOTIONS. (1) Stand erect, wave hands right and left. First chorus, up and down. (2) Point down, sing softly. (3) Wave right and left. (4) Swing arms lightly. (5) Point as if counting. (6) Hands out, open and shut. (7) Sitting, hands at rest; look up listening. (8) Right forefinger beating time in left palm. (9) Nod heads. (10) Stand, clasp hands. (11) Join hands across, swing in time to music. (12) All seated, arms folded.

The Christmas Welcome.

(Air, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Pat's Pick, music page 42; words page **127.**) *2 Flats*

When the summer time is passed and the harvest housed at last,
And the woods are standing bare and brown and sere,
When the frost is sharp at night, and the days are short and bright,
Comes the gladdest, merriest time of all the year.

CHORUS—
Shout, boys, shout the hearty welcome!
Greet old Christmas with a roar!
He has met us with good cheer for this many a merry year,
And we hope he'll meet us all for many more.

Let the tempest rage without, let its blasts be wild and stout,
What care we? Our hearts are stouter still and strong;
And within 'tis warm and light, and kind eyes are shining bright,
And the voices of our friends are in our song.—*Cho.*

Then away with every cloud that our pleasure might enshroud,
And away with every word and look unkind;
Let old quarrels all be healed, and old friendship closer sealed.
And our lives with sweeter purer ties entwined.
—*Cho.*

Since we know the blessed power of this happy Christmas hour,
We will keep its holy spell upon our heart,
That each evil thing within that would tempt us into sin,
May forever from our peaceful souls depart.—*Cho.*

Good Night.

EXERCISE SONG.

(Air, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Pat's Pick, music page 42; words page 121.) *2 Flats*

O, another day is gone,
And our lessons are all done;
Now's the time to put our books and slates away,
Pack them neatly in a row[1],
Softly lay them in just so[2];
Hurrah[3]! the time has come[4] for lots of fun and play.

CHORUS—

All day long we have been climbing[5]
Learning's ladder, steep and tall;
Now our tasks are ended quite,
And we bid you all good night,
As we turn our footsteps homeward, homeward all.

Tra, la, la, etc.

(1) Pack up books, or to have them packed nicely on the outside of desk before beginning to sing, is better. (2) Put books in desks. (3) Clap hands. (4) Stand. (5) March.

A Jolly Fair Song.

(Sung by the Ithaca School at the Gratiot County Fair of 1878. Tune, "Wait for the Wagon." Pat's Pick, page 34.)

Key of C

A song! hurrah! my jolly friends,
Let's make our country ring;
True hearts will echo everywhere
The merry lay we sing.
Let men and women, boys and girls,
And peddlers with us, too,
Lift high their tuneful voices,
A merry, happy crew.

CHORUS—

Hurrah for our county! three cheers for our county,
Hurrah for *starving Gratiot, the county of the State.

We've laid aside our toils and cares,
And come down here today
And see *the* fair of county fairs,
And have a holiday.

*"Starving Gratiot" can be changed to suit the occasion, as "thriving Clinton," "Old Wayne County," "Shiawassee," etc.

We want to hear the chickens sing,
The calves and oxen squeal,
And either ride round in the swing,
Or dance the rustic reel.—*Cho.*

O! What a monstrous tree it took
To bear that mammoth beet,
And how it makes dear Susan look
To hear John talk so sweet!
The cabbage bush did very well,
That hill of apples, too,
The turnip vines must put in hard
To furnish such a crew.—*Cho.*

The bedquilts, fruit and candy stands
Must all receive our care,
O, won't the handsome schoolma'am blush*
The homely man will swear.
If babies squall, or women jaw,
Or folks step on your toes,
"Don't let your angry passions rise,"
And don't turn up your nose.—*Cho.*

Now, there stand John and Susan,
With John's arm out of place,
See Susan beam with happiness,
See John's sunshiny face.
They're taking in the County fair,
And having lots of fun.
Enjoy yourself for all that's out,
Be sorry when it's done.—*Cho.*

*A premium was offered to the homeliest man and the handsomest schoolma'am.

Let's all be Johns and Susans,
We don't mean with our arms,
And we'll go home the happier
To workshops and to farms.
And when next autumn rolls around,
Once more we'll all come here,
And have a jolly, happy time
To celebrate the year.—*Cho.*

Welcome.

(Air, "Hold the Fort." Pat's Pick, music page 43; words page 129.) *2 Sharps*

Parents, friends, we bid you welcome
To our schoolroom dear;
And we join our loving voices
Now to greet you here.

CHORUS—

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome.
Yes, we welcome all;
But we beg you to remember
We are children small.

If today mistakes we're making,
Many failures, too,
Oh, believe us, we've been trying
Just our best to do.—*Cho.*

[For very little boy to sing.]

You've called on me for an oration;
I'm sure I don't know how;
Perhaps 'twill answer quite as well, though,
Just to make a bow.

From a Man to a Jug.

EXERCISE SONG.

(Air, "Little Brown Jug." Pat's Pick, page 60.) *Key of C*

Give ear, we beg you, to our song,
We'll try not to make it very long,
About a man who loved strong drink,
A very silly man we think.

CHORUS—Oh, no, no, no drink for me,[1]
Unless it's water, pure and free.
O! no, no, etc.

This man was a brute at home, abroad,
He loved not man, he loved not God,
He'd make his children to him bring
His jug of cider, then he'd sing:—
"Ha! ha! ha! you and me,[2]
Little brown jug, don't I dove thee."

He drank and drank, so people said,
Till his hair grew white[3] and his nose grew red;[4]
His ways were coarse, his voice was gruff,
Still he drank but he couldn't drink enough.—*Cho.*

A sad, sad fate, they say befell;
Just like a jug he soon did swell,
His arms were stiff like handles, too,
His head to a wooden stopper grew.[6]—*Cho.*

MOTIONS—(1) Move heads from side to side. (2) Throw back head and smile. (3) Touch hair with right hand. (4) Touch nose with right hand. (5) Arms stiffly curved, elbows outwards at sides. (6) Touch heads, making slight bow.

Book Drill.

EXERCISE SONG.

[Pupils turn in seats, all facing one way, and placing the feet in the aisles (if more than one pupil occupies a seat, of course they must face in opposite directions.) Children begin to sing with faces to the front, with books in left hands, and turn as the words indicate, keeping time to the music.]

(Air, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Pat's Pick, music page 29; words page 123.) *2 Flats*

We turn ourselves about this way,
We turn about,
Then stand upon the floor this way,
And turn about;[1]
And now we all will make a bow,
And show the people here just how
We drill with books in our schoolroom every day;
How we drill with books in our schoolroom every day.

(Some of the pupils strike a bell, keeping time to the music.)

At the sound of the bell we turn[2] once more,
The bell,[3] the bell,[4]
And each one marches to the floor,
Do well, do well;
We stand this way,[5] then right about face,[6]
Every one must keep his place.
Oh! we love to drill in our schoolroom every day,
Yes, we love to drill in our schoolroom every day.

We never stand in our class this way,[7]
Oh, no! Oh, no!
We never stand in our class this way,[8]
Oh, no! Oh, no!

Upright we stand, the mark we toe,
Of boys and girls a pretty row.
Oh! we love to drill in our schoolroom every day;
Yes, we love to drill in our schoolroom every day.

We all take out our books at once,
  This way, this way;
Not one of us wants to seem a dunce,
  Today, today.
We turn the leaf, we find the page,
Then must our work our minds engage.

Oh! we love to drill in our schoolroom every day;
Yes, we love to drill in our schoolroom every day.

We never swing about in class
  This way, this way;
We never swing about in class
  This way, this way;
But very still and straight we stand
And hold the book in the little left hand.
Oh! we love to drill in our schoolroom every day;
Yes, we love to drill in our schoolroom every day.

We keep our books all nice and clean,
  Just see, just see;
Oh! no, not one dog's ear you'll meet
  Just see, just see.
Now close your books and turn just so,
And now we're marching off in a row.
Oh! we love to drill in our schoolroom every day;
Yes, we love to drill in our schoolroom every day.

(Marching out for recess.)

Oh, now it's time to play awhile,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Our faces now all wear a smile,
Hurrah! hurrah![10]
All work, no play—dull girls and boys,
We like our books, but we like our toys,
Hurrah! we're glad when playtime comes each day;
Hurrah! we're glad when playtime comes each day.

Motions to Book Drill—(1) Faces to the front. (2) Turn half way round. (3) Turn so as to face back room. (4) Begin to march. (5) Halting at the word "stand." (6) Facing the front. Pupils are now in a line at the back of the room. (7) Leaning to right. (8) Leaning to the left. (9) Holding up books. (10) in several places the words suggest motions.

John Brown's Indians. (Round.)

Three parts.

(Pat's Pick, page 83.) 1 *Sharp*

Old John Brown, he had a little Indian,
Old John Brown, he had a little Indian,
Old John Brown, he had a little Indian,
One little Indian boy.

"

One little, two little, three little Indians,
Four little, five little, six little Indians,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians,
Ten little Indian boys.

Ten little, nine little, eight little Indians,
Seven little, six little, five little Indians,
Four little, three little, two little Indians,
One little Indian boy.

When The Puritans Came Over.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(Tune, "Dearest Mae." Pat's Pick, music page 21; words page 129.) 3 *Sharps*

When the Puritans came over,
  Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
  And Indians red as deer;
With tomahawks and scalping knives,
  That make folks heads look queer;
Oh, the ship from England used to bring
  A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
  To pluck the pilgrims' corn;
The bears came snuffing round the door
  When'er a babe was born;
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
  Than the butt of the old ram's horn
The deacon blew, at meeting time,
  On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
  And pine tree, trunk and limb,
Began to sprout among the leaves,
  In shape of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
  Along the ocean's rim;
And up the little schoolhouse shot,
  To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the college rose
  The Sachem cocked his eye

At every tutor's meagre ribs,
Whose coat-tails whistled by;
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the catalog
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President
And the Professor's son.
(They turned a little Indian boy
As brown as any bun.)
O! how the seniors knocked about
The freshman class of one!

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But succotash and hominy
Were smoking on the board;
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long tailed blues,
But always on commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

Long Wave Our Flag.

(Tune, "Old Folks at Home." Pat's Pick, music page 83; words page 130.) *2 Sharps*

Come, let us join in glad hosanna,
Earnest and clear;
Greeting with song our lovely banner,
Pride of our country dear.

Praise to the brave, who, nobly daring
On land and sea,
Gave their heroic lives in sharing
All for the flag of the free.

CHORUS—See aloft its colors gleaming,
Bright as morning dew!
Far up the heights of glory streaming—
Long wave the Red, White and Blue!

Hail we the sign and sacred token
Our fathers gave:—
That faith in freedom is not broken
Long as the flag shall wave—
Then guard with life their trust confiding;
Hold it secure!
Never our love for it be hiding,—
Only the brave shall endure.

If hate or envy come designing
Our flag to mar.—
With loyal hearts and arms combining—
They shall not hurt one star!
Thus, while we heed with true devotion
Our Flag's command,
So will it wave from peak to ocean.
Proud of its own native land.

Row Your Boat. (Round.)

(Pat's Pick, page 79.) *2 Sharps*

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

Three Crows.

(Pat's Pick, page 57.) *2 Flats*

There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be.

Said one old crow unto his mate:
"What shall we do for grub to ate?"

"There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."

"We'll perch upon his bare back-bone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."

The horse has carried many passengers,
But now his bones will have to be made up into sassengers.

Upidee.

(Pat's Pick, page 38.) *1 Sharp*

The shades of night were comin' down swift,
Upidee-upida,
The snow was heaping up, drift on drift,
Upidee-ida.
Through a Yankee village a youth did go,
Carrying a flag with this motto—

CHORUS—U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da, Upidee, Upida,
U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da, Upidee-i-da.

O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose and complexion fair;
He'd a light blue eye and auburn lash,
And he ever kep' shoutin' through his moustache.

—Cho.

He saw thro' the windows as he kept gettin' upper,
A number of families settin' at supper;
But he eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
And fled while he cried, and cried while a-fleein'.—*Cho.*

"O, take care you," said an old man, "stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on t'other side!"
But the hurrying stranger still replied.—*Cho.*

"O, don't go up such a shocking night,
Come, sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright,
On his Roman nose a tear drop come,
But he still remarked, as he upward clumb.—*Cho.*

"Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree!
Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"
Sayin' which the farmer went to bed,
And the singular voice replied, overhead.—*Cho.*

About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally going up soon,
Heard spoken above him as much as twice,
The very same words in a very weak voice.—*Cho.*

Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven,
He found, buried up in the snow and ice,
The boy and his flag with the strange device.—*Cho.*

He's dead, defunct, without any doubt;
The lamp of his life entirely gone out;
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-lyin',
And there was no more use for him to be a-cryin'.
—*Cho.*

Teachers Hymn.

(Tune, "John Brown." Pat's Pick, music page 90; words page 128.) *2 Flats*

We can hear the steady tramp of a vast and youthful throng,
They come with eager footsteps and a light and cheerful song;
It is ours to lead the tender feet the paths of truth along,
As we are working on.

CHORUS—We work for God and home and freedom,
We work for God and home and freedom,
We work for God and home and freedom,
Shall be the teachers' song.

No higher, nobler duty ever claimed the mind and hand;
No other field of labor calls for hearts more true and grand;
The mind that soon shall have control of this our happy land,
Are trusted to our care.—*Cho.*

Our country calls us to the work and cheers us as we go;
With battle-ax of truth and right we fight her strongest foe,
We kindle Freedom's deathless fires from hill to valley low,
All over this beauteous land.—*Cho.*

Sowing seeds of useful knowledge is the task for you and me,
God grant that in his garden we may labor faithfully,
And remember that our sowing is for eternity,
Shall be the teachers' prayer.

Chorus—God grant that we may sow with wisdom,
God grant that we may sow with wisdom,
God grant that we may sow with wisdom,
Shall be the teachers' prayer.

Vacation Song.

(Air, "Nellie Gray." Pat's Pick, page 50.) *3 Flats*

O, dear is vacation, when the summer hours are come,
When we roam in the fields far away;
When we gather roses wild,
Each a very merry child,
And are happy all the long summer day.

CHORUS—
Oh, school vacation days,
When we roam in sportive ways,
Have a charm we will remember till the last.
Mem'ry 'll keep them bright forever,
We shall ne'er forget them ever,
Wheresoe'er our lot may be cast.

O'er the fields we are bounding, as free as any bird,
Or walking by the river's shining tide,
And we sing and laugh and play,
Toss about the new mown hay,
'Mid the bushes and the trees seek and hide.

Marching Song.

(Air, "Blue Bird's Temperance Song." Pat's Pick, page 45.) *4 Flats*

O! we are jolly pupils of a lively school,
We learn our lessons and obey each rule.
We work while we work, and play while we play,
You'll find us on duty each school day.

CHORUS—
O! yes we're loyal, to our school so royal,
To our country grand and free and great,
Train both mind and muscle,
For the right we'll tussle,
Keep ourselves, keep ourselves straight.

We're marching round together, having fun you know,
For the body as well as the mind must grow;
We'll study harder for it, and be the better too,
And try to "keep in line" as we're marching life thro'.

Cigarets and gum we've banished from our school;
While learning is so free no one should be a fool;
We'll "do the duty nearest," and strengthen brawn and brain,
Who labors well in seed time will reap the harvest's gain.

Now we believe the books and doctors all agree,
That rum, beer and cider are a very bad three,
And we shall do without them, and win the battle too,
And stand by "Old Glory," ever firm and true.

We believe in education for training girls and boys
To do lots of work and make little noise,
So come and join our army, 800,000 strong,
And make all Michigan ring with our song.

The Spanish Cavalier.

(Pat's Pick, page 39.) *1 Sharp*

A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar played a tune, dear,
The music so sweet they'd ofttimes repeat,
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

CHORUS—

Say, darling, say, when I am far away.
Sometimes you may think of me, dear,
Bright, sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say and be true, dear.

I am off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear;
But if I should fall, in vain I would call,
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

And when this war is o'er to you I'll return,
Back to my country and you, dear;
But should I be slain, you may seek me in vain,
Upon the battle-field you will find me.

Rig-a-jig. (School Version.)

(Pat's Pick, page 26.) 3 *Flats*

Hurrah, hurrah! we shout for schools,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
This Yankee land can't thrive on fools,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho.

Rig-a-jig jig, and away we go, away we go, away we go,
Rig-a-jig jig, and away we go.
Heigho, heigho, heigho,
‖ :Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho :‖
Rig-a-jig-jig, to school we go.
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

The muscles, mind and morals, too,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Are always trained by teachers true;
Heigho, heigho, heigho.—*Cho.*

March Song.

(Pat's Pick, page 41.) *4 Flats*

Ho, for the stormy cold March days,
  Aye, there is nothing like them.
Loud let us shout and sing their praise,
  March is so proud and free!
Snowy, blowy, wheezy, breezy,
  Sweeping up the winter's snow,
Freezing, pleasing, teasing, unceasing,
  How do the March winds blow!

[Repeat first half of verse for chorus.]

Ho, for the field! ye farmers now,
  Cheer on your patient oxen,
Deep in the furrow drive the plow,
  Strive for the harvest fair!
Winging, singing, springing, clinging,
  On the spray sweet birds are seen.
Driving, flying, winter defying,
  Winds sweep the meadows green.—*D. C.*

Hark, how the warning equinox
  Calls from the eastern ocean;
Stand to your arms, ye time-worn rocks;
  Onward the mad waves pour,
Rushing, splashing, surging, crashing,
  Thundering on the coast so strong;
Boiling, toiling, fiercely recoiling,
  Wild dash the waves along.—*D. C.*

Hurrah for the Flag.

(Pat's Pick, page 92.) *2 Flats*

There are many flags in many lands;
There are flags of every hue;
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

CHORUS—

Then hurrah for the flag—our country's flag!
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White and Blue!"

I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red of a rainbow bright;
And put them together, side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag—
The Red, the White, and the Blue.

Gay and Happy.

(Pat's Pick, page 27.) 1 *Sharp*

We're the school that's gay and happy,
In our places always found,
When the bell rings out its welcome,
'Tis to me a merry sound.

CHORUS—So let our playmates roam as they will,
Here we will be happy still,
Reading, spelling, playing, singing,
We'll be gay and happy still.

" If we only do our duty,
Faithful follow every rule,
Then we shall be gay and happy,
In our ever pleasant school.—*Cho*

Let us ever, as true scholars,
Mind the lessons we are taught,
None but idle, disobedient,
In the dunce's seat are caught.—*Cho.*

Michigan Institute Song.

(Air, "Lauriger Horatius." Pat's Pick, music page 28; words page 122.) 1 *Sharp*

Land of the loyal Wolverine,
Michigan, my Michigan!
From waters blue, and forests green,
Michigan, my Michigan!
May all your children honor you,
Peninsula so fair to view,
And pioneers so grandly true,
Michigan, my Michigan!

From Maumee bay to Keweenaw
A richer land one never saw;
Thy farms are famous world around,
Rare woods are in thy forests found,
Thy rocks in richest ores abound.

Our fruit so luscious can't be beat,
We've salt to keep the nation sweet,
We've sixteen hundred miles of coast,
And full five thousand lakes we boast,
Two million people greet this toast.

Though all these things so famous are,
We've other things more famed by far;
Schoolhouses thickly dot our land,
State institutions free and grand,
And churches, too, on every hand.

We point with pride to records past,
Filled with great names from first to last;
Marquette, Lasalle and Cadillac,
Pierce, Houghton, Barry, Cass and "Zach,"
Blair's boys in blue, who ne'er looked back.

With this inheritance so great,
What is our duty to the State?
As loyal children, let us fight
For learning, virtue, truth and right,
"Tu-e'-bor"‡ shout: God give us might.

Michigan Song.*

(Air, "Beulah Land." Pat's Pick, music page 82; words page 122.) 1 *Sharp*

Each loyal son from east to west
Most surely deems his state the best;
He loves the very name it bears,
Is one with her in all her cares.

CHORUS—
Oh, Michigan, land of the free,
I ask no other home but thee;
I love thy pine-clad hills and brakes,
Thy murmuring rills and crystal lakes;
Though others in strange lands may roam,
Thou are my land, thou, too, my home.

Thy soil produces copiously,
And fruits bedeck the groaning tree,
With fish thy sparkling streams abound,
The deer retreats before the hound.—*Cho.*

Our north much useful metal yields
While in our south are carbon fields;
And Saginaw provides us salt
More healthful far than brewers' malt.—*Cho.*

From center to our every coast,
Each hamlet of its school can boast,
May this our jubilee give proof
That each is laboring for the truth.—*Cho.*

*Can easily be fitted to any state.
‡"Tu-e-bor," motto of Michigan, "I will defend."

Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.

(Pat's Pick, page 98.) 1 *Flat*

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green, sunny slope of the hill,
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill.
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around;
See the old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.
See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true,
And the little nook by the clear running brook,
Where we gathered the flowers as they grew.
On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And a running little brook is now dry;

And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There remains, Ben, but you and I.
And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There remains, Ben, but you and I.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

(Pat's Pick, page 102.) *1 Flat*

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ the Royal Master leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see, His banners go.

CHORUS—
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we;
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Crowns and thorns may perish, kingdom rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people, join the happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor, unto Christ the King,
This thro' countless ages men and angels sing.

Home of the Soul.

(Pat's Pick, page 100.) 3 *Flats*

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖:Between the fair city and me:‖
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
‖:And He holdeth our crowns in His hands:‖
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
And he holdeth our crowns in His hands.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
‖:To meet one another again:‖
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.

The Children Are Weary.

FOR FREE GYMNASTICS.

(Pat's Pick, page 104.) *Key of C*

The children are weary of study and task,
And gladly we make all the motions you ask.
We swing out each arm, and we lift up each hand,
And gaily for our recreation we stand.

CHORUS—

Oh, for each one it is pastime and fun,
Thus to be showing how the motions are done,
It makes us so rested, so happy and gay,
Just what you all see in our faces to-day?

Our arms now upreaching, and stretching them out,
We move all our limbs, and we turn them about,
You know it is tiresome to sit still too long,
So, friends, will you join us in motion and song?

'Tis not half so hard to our work to return;
It makes us so happy, so willing to learn;
Our weariness now, and our languor are o'er,
We wish that gymnastics had reached us before.

We turn that way first; and now see us turn this.
We have to be careful no motion to miss;
This pastime and pleasure we joyfully greet,
Then cheerful again all our lessons we meet.

Now out move our feet, and we almost can dance;
But our narrow aisles do not give us the chance;
But 'tis just as well if we only are gay,
So how do you like our gymnastics to-day?

Abide With Me.

(Pat's Pick, page 96.) *3 Flats*

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

(Pat's Pick, page 103.) *2 Flats*

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Retreat.

(Pat's Pick, page 105.) *Key of C*

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet·
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Swinging 'Neath the Apple-Tree.

(Pat's Pick, page 108.) *Key of C*

Oh, the sports of childhood!
Roaming through the wild-wood,
Running o'er the meadows, happy and free;
But my heart's a beating
For the old time greeting,
Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

CHORUS—
Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
Lulling care to rest 'neath the old apple tree,
Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

Swaying in the sunbeams,
Floating in the shadow,
Sailing on the breezes, happy and free;
Chasing all our sadness,
Shouting in our gladness,
Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

Oh, the sports of childhood!
Roaming through the wild-wood,
Singing o'er the meadows, happy and free;
How my heart's a beating,
Thinking of the greeting,
Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

O, How He Ran.

(Pat's Pick, page 13.) *Key C*

O, how he ran!
O, how he ran!
He ran, he ran for Michigan,
O, how he ran!

Annie Laurie.

(Pat's Pick, page 101.) *Key of C*

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true,
Gavè me her promise true, which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift, her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest that e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on, and dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying, is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet, and she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.

Marseillaise Hymn.

("Pat's Pick," page 97.) 3 *Sharps*

Ye sons of Freedom wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

CHORUS—
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathed!
March on, march on! all hearts resolved on victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile and insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and pow'r unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air,
To mete and vend the light and air.

Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

CHORUS—

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

CHORUS—

Illinois.

(Pat's Pick, page 107.) 1 *Sharp*

By thy rivers gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing,
Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling thro' the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these,
Illinois, Illinois,
And its mellow tones are these,
Illinois.

From a wilderness of prairies,
Illinois, Illinois,
Straight thy way and never varies,
Illinois, Illinois,

Till upon the inland sea,
Stands the great commercial tree,
Turning all the world to thee,
Illinois, Illinois,
Turning all the world to thee,
Illinois.

When you heard your country calling,
Illinois, Illinois,
Where the shot and shell were falling,
Illinois, Illinois,
When the "Southern Host" withdrew,
Pitting Gray against the Blue,
There were none more brave than you,
Illinois, Illinois,
There were none more brave than you,
Illinois.

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois,
On the record of thy years,
Abr'am Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

(Pat's Pick, page 109.) 1 *Sharp*

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-
hood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wild-
wood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew,

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell.
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

CHORUS—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

Keep on the Sunny Side.

(Pat's Pick, page 110.) 3 *Sharps*

There is a sunny side to every path below,
Where the birds are singing and the sweetest blossoms blow;
In peace and pleasure may the trusting heart abide,
Finding joy and comfort on the blessed, sunny side.

CHORUS—

Keep on the sunny side,
Keep on the sunny side,
Keep the sunny side of the road;
Keep on the sunny side,
Keep on the sunny side,
Keep the sunny side of the road.

Meet every conflict with a courage brave and strong;
Truth and right shall conquer tho' the fight be fierce and long;
While in the battle be a soldier and a guide;
Lead the way to vict'ry on the blessed, sunny side.

There is a shady side where ceaseless sins abound;
Revelry and discord in the darkest depths are found;
There is a path of safety for the sorely tried;
Walk with Jesus daily on the blessed, sunny side.

Clouds keep the silver lining tow'rds the glowing sun;
Gild your darkest trials with a faith that's nobly won;
Above the shadows let your trusting heart abide,
Faith and hope are shining on the blessed, sunny side.

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Sweet and Low.

(Pat's Pick, page 111.)

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one sleep.

The Yellow and Blue.

(University of Michigan Song.) 1 *Sharp*

(Pat's Pick, page 112.)

Sing to the colors that float in the light;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!
Yellow the stars as they ride through the night,
And reel in a rollicking crew;
Yellow the fields where ripens the grain,
And yellow the moon on the harvest wane!
Hail! Hail to the colors that float in the light!
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue.

Blue are the billows that bow to the sun
When yellow robed morning is due;
Blue are the curtains that evening has spun,
The slumbers of Phoebus to woo;
Blue are the blossoms to memory dear,
And blue is the sapphire, and gleams like a tear;
Hail! Hail to the ribbons that nature has spun
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

Here's to the college whose colors we wear;
Here's to the hearts that are true!
Here's to the maid of the golden hair,
And eyes that are brimming with blue!
Garlands of bluebells and maize intertwine;
And hearts that are true and voices combine;
Hail! Hail to the college whose colors we wear;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

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Sweet Here and Now.

(Pat's Pick, page 84.)

Here's a land that we love as our life
And a home-land it is the most fair;
From it banish all hatred and strife,
Of our blessings let each seek to share.

CHORUS—

In the sweet here and now
Let us make this a happier land;
In the sweet here and now
We can do it if each lends a hand.

Let us neighborly be, one and all,
Open-minded, tolerant and kind,
May we e'er hear humanity's call,
Be to goodness in others not blind.

CHORUS—

And thus to our Father above
We will offer our tribute of deeds
And with hearts full of praise, joy and love
Render homage from all clans and creeds.

CHORUS—

America First

Air "Red Wing"
(Pat's Pick, page 113.)

"America first" we shout,
In health, wealth, strength no doubt.
But first again the hearts of men
That is the thing we look for then

When every land is free,
And men shall wiser be,
And never a trench shall be dug for gain,
In this or any land.

CHORUS—

Oh we'll give to the school our best endeavor,
Be loyal ever, disgrace it never,
While above is our love for dear "Old Glory,"
With far famed story of sympathy.

"America first" shall give
To each a chance to live.
Fair fields and sky, good schools near by,
True hearted folk with kindly eye,
"Square deal" the slogan call,
God's word guiding one and all.
Let us do our work with love and skill
And make America first.

Jingle, Bells.

(Pat's Pick, page 114.)

Dashing through the snow,
In a one-horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

CHORUS—

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright
Was seated by my side;
The horse was lean and lank,
Misfortune seemed his lot,
He got into a drifted bank,
And we, we got up-sot.

Now the ground is white;
Go it while you're young;
Take the girls tonight,
And sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bob-tailed bay,
Two-forty for his speed;
Then hitch him to an open sleigh,
And crack! you'll take the lead.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

(Pat's Pick, page 115.)

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills!
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave!
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

The Church in the Wildwood.

(Pat's Pick, page 116.)

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood.
No lovelier spot in the dale,
No place is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

CHORUS—

Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the vale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

Oh, come to the church in the wildwood,
To the trees where the wild flowers bloom;
Where the parting hymn will be chanted,
We will weep by the side of the tomb.

From the church in the valley by the wildwood,
When day fades away into night,
I would fain from this spot of my childhood
Wing my way to the mansions of light.

Come, Thou Almighty King

(Italian Hymn)

(Pat's Pick, page 117.)

Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend.
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,

Now rule in every heart,
And never from us depart,
Spirit of power!

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be
Hence, ever more!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(Pat's Pick, page 117.)

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past.
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint!
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

He Leadeth Me.

(Pat's Pick, page 118.)

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHORUS—

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me.
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Lead Kindly Light.*

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

4 Flats

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*(When the Parliament of Religions met during the Columbian Exposition, the singing of "Lead Kindly Light," and the repeating the Lord's Prayer were the two exercises in which the representatives of every creed known to man could join. The author, Cardinal Newman (1801-1890), wrote the words in illness and under great mental strain.)

The Christmas Bells.

(Music, "Old Black Joe," Pat's Pick," page 5.) **3 Sharps.**

Far o'er the hills, we hear the sound of bells,
Sweet Christmas Eve its magic music swells,
Old Santa Claus is surely on the way,
He's coming, surely coming on this Christmas Day.

CHORUS—
Bells ringing, bells singing,
Old Santa's on the way,
Bring "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
On Christmas Day.

Far o'er the hills, we hear the sound of bells,
Sweet Christmas Eve its magic music swells,
Peace and good will are surely on the way,
Oh ring the bells for Peace on earth on Christmas Day.

CHORUS—

The Secret of Christmas.

DORA H. STOCKMAN.

(Music, Page 1, "Pat's Pick.") *4 Flats*

Kind friends, would you have Christmas?
This secret you must surely keep,
And don't you tell a person,
No, not even in your sleep;
Christmas Eve is very nigh—
Mustn't meddle, mustn't spy—
But work and work with all your might
Then pop things out of sight.

The brownies and the fairies
Work from early morn till night.
And you must be as faithful
As jolly elf and dancing sprite.
A truly Christmas would you know,
'Neath holly branch and mistletoe,
"Give some one else a happy time"—
The bells of Christmas chime.

Holy Night.

(Old Christmas Song.)

Key of C

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

We'll Never Let Our Old Flag Fall.

4 Flats

CHORUS--

We'll never let our old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all,
We don't want to fight to show our might.
But when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight.
In peace or war our voices ring,
"My country, tis of thee," we sing,
At the sound of her call, we'll show them all,
We'll never let our old flag fall.

There's a Long, Long Trail.

1 *Sharp*

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory.
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

CHORUS—

There's a long, long trail a-winding
In to the land of my dreams
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling
Ev'rywhere I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile.
I forget that you're not with me yet,
When I think I see you smile.

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Love's Old Sweet Song.

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

1 *Flat*

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song,
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

REFRAIN—
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song.
Comes Love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more,
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day,
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

REFRAIN—

Keep the Home-Fires Burning.

1 *Flat*

REFRAIN—
Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

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Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile.

1 Sharp

REFRAIN—

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

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Over There.

2 Flats

REFRAIN—

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the (Yanks) (boys) are coming, the (Yanks) (boys) are coming,
The drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere.
So prepare, say a pray'r,
Send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over over there.

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The U. S. A. Forever.

(Tune, "Dixie," Pat's Pick, page 8.) *Key of C*

Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,
Join in our song and sing today,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;
United, firm, with ev'ry state,
To make a nation good and great,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

CHORUS—
The U. S. A. forever! Hooray! Hooray!
The Stars and Stripes shall wave above.
The U. S. A. forever! Hooray! Hooray!
The U. S. A. forever! Hooray! Hooray!
The Stars and Stripes forever!

The North and South, the East and West,
We love them all, for all are best,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.
United States and hearts and hands,
Will make the greatest of all lands,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

CHORUS—

From coast to coast united stand,
Our proudest boast our own dear land,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free,
The nation gathers at our call,
With all for none and one for all,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

CHORUS—

Freedom For All Forever.

(The American Marseillaise.)

B. C. HILLIAM.

2 Flats

Hark! in the street there's the tramp of feet,
See there's the flag on high!
Oh! how can we tell of the hearts that swell
As the troops go marching by!
There's a song on the air which the boys all share
As they shoulder to shoulder fight,
It's a song of Love and Liberty,
Sounding the might of Right!

REFRAIN—
Let the call go forth through the whole wide world,
Freedom for all forever!
Over land and over sea,
Peace and lasting Liberty.
Pray, pray for the Allied lands!
Aid, aid with your heart and hands;
Fight, fight till your proud flag stands
For "Freedom For All Forever!"

Oh! listen all, who have freedom known,
Cling to the watchword true!
Oh! what could we say on a future day
If our part we failed to do?
When the cannon's roar is heard no more,
And the strife and the danger passed,
In a world of Love and Liberty,
There shall be Peace at last!

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America, the Beautiful.

KATHERINE LEE BATES

Key of C

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country lov'd,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy soul refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

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For Flag Salute

I pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

As the pupil speaks the word "flag" let him extend the right arm toward the flag with palm opening upward, fingers together and thumb alongside of forefinger. Let the position be held until the close of the pledge.

One stanza of some good patriotic song should be sung before the pledge is given but while pupils are standing. After the pledge one or two other stanzas should be sung. "Our Flag," page 94 of "School Song Knapsack," is especially fitting for the exercise.

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